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South American Civilization.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY COSMO.

Horse Taming—South American Tartars—The Tarantula—Mole Ploughs—A Singular Forest—A Great Scare.

In every town of any importance throughout nearly the whole extent of the Argentine Confederacy, horses well broken to the saddle are kept for hire at horse bazaars, and almost everywhere in the interior, there are two distinct charges made—one for the animal, and another for the saddle, the latter being usually from three to four times the highest tariff, that is, where a horse-keeper charges you *tres medias*—eighteen cents a day for the hire of a horse, he will levy a tax of *quartro vials*, half a dollar, for a day's use of a saddle. The reason is that the latter is four or five times the most valuable article.

Any one to look upon a herd of these wild South American horses dashing across their native plains, flying like the fleet antelope, full of native fire, and wild as the North American deer, would naturally enough conclude that the task of subjugating one of these pampa rangers must of necessity be a task of extreme difficulty and considerable danger.

Nothing of the kind. To an expert in the profession—and nearly every *guacho*, herdeiro, and *peon* throughout the whole country are such, the catching, training, and thoroughly breaking to saddle, bit, and rein, amounts to no more than an hour's pastime. There is nothing of the Rareyan system practiced in South American horse-taming, not a mite of moral suasion in the whole process. It is superior human prowess against brute spirit and obstinacy.

The guacho, herdeiro, or practiced traveller, having need of a fresh or additional animal, dashes headlong into the very thickest of the wild, snorting herd, selects his victim, whirs five times above his head, and then launching with unerring precision the long, wiry *lariat*, the noose falls *vip* over the out-stretched head of the flying steed, by a dexterous jerk is tightened in an instant about the small of the throat—not so tight as to strangle—but just so as to terrify and render respiration difficult, and then round and round the captive brute—now in three rapid circles to the right, then a single whirl to the left—next tightening the wiry grasp until the strangling victim sinks to his knees gasping, and his breath hissing shrill from his compressed windpipe, like the whistle of pent-up steam through a fissure in a high-pressure boiler.

Then for a few moments the torture is relaxed, and the victim allowed to gather to his feet and breathe. Again the tamer tightens the noose, and goes whirling around his captive—confusing, bewildering, and practically teaching the intelligent brute that he is powerless in the hands of an invincible master, the struggle generally terminating within the half hour by the captured brute submitting unconditionally to his superior; and it is something singular, that while the wild, fiery spirit of the native steed is never an atom broken by his summary subjugation, there is scarcely ever an instance known where he exhibits the least vicious willfulness after having once acknowledged man as his master.

So general is this horse taming accomplishment among Buenos Ayreans, that it is no unusual thing for a fair senora wishing to add a fine animal to her stud, to take to the pampa with her lasso, and bring into subjection to her rule a magnificent animal, as expertly as the best *guacho* of them all could do. I have seen more than once a little mad-cap South American Di Vernon go dashing in among a troop of wild horses, lasso, and choke down a splendid animal, transfer to his back her saddle, and to his mouth the strong curb bit, while he lay panting, choking, and wholly at her mercy, mount him like a *man*, drive him to his feet with a dash of her wicked Spanish spurs, and in spite of his utmost endeavors to dislodge her, remain in the saddle till she was quite ready to dismount.

The South American horse is possessed of superior intelligence, and is much more readily educated than any of our North American or European animals. Another peculiar feature of these horses is, that their speed and endurance is always so much improved by training and practice, that not one in a thousand of their wild kindred of the pampas are anything like a match for them.

Discussing horses and horse taming, brings us, by a natural induction, to the notice of a tribe of semi-barbarous, half-human men, inhabiting a long, narrow strip of territory on the southern confines of Buenos Ayres, to the westward of the Vulcan Range. These wild men are undoubtedly descended from the Spaniards at an early period of the country's settlement; but they have so lost their identity with the race by their peculiar habits, and crossing and re-crossing with the fierce, warlike savages of northern Patagonia, that nothing of the language, not a trait of the original character remains.

These *Gayetos*, as they are called locally, are nomads in the widest sense of the word, having no fixed habitation, ever wandering hither and thither, almost living on horse-back, very nearly subsisting on horse-flesh and mares' milk, and clothing themselves entirely in colt skins, although horned cattle abound on the plains over which they roam in great profusion.

While the *guachos* of the eastern pampas are the Beudoins, these *Gayetos* of the upper Colorado, are the Kalmuc Tartars of South America. They have the reputation of being a fierce, treacherous race of thieves, but as our acquaintanceship with the rascals was but very limited, I am prepared to say but little of them from personal observation.

Throughout all this region, from Mount Vulcan to Lake Bezadeiro, we found the terrible *Tarantula* by thousands, and of more gigantic proportions than I had ever seen the monster reptile anywhere within the tropics.

The veritable tarantula is a formidable, ferocious fellow enough. But after all, not a hundredth part as hideous as he has been a thousand times represented. As for his proclivities for biting people, and the deadly venom of his bite—that is mostly a myth. To be sure he will bite, like almost any other spider, if hard pushed and no hiding-place at hand. His bite is quite as severe as the sting of a hornet, and frequently there is considerable after inflammation and acute local pain for two or three days. But as for the great spider's subtle poison, and the efficacy of a *bolero*, or Virginia "break-down," as a curative process, most certainly both are but another sort of *moon stories*. Not one of our party escaped with less than three or four tarantula bites during our passage through their territory, with no more serious results than those just mentioned.

The full-grown, old veteran tarantula, scientifically considered, is rather a handsome fellow than a horror. With his eight long legs clad in beautiful, grey feathers, bearing him three inches from the ground, and spreading out over an area of quite five inches, his dark grey abdomen ringed with pearly white, feathered also, and his bright, black, intelligent eyes staring straight into your own—there is something really interestingly good-looking about the old chap.

The most objectionable characteristic I ever found the great tropical spider, is his propensity to go scrambling over one while asleep, and a slovenly practice of dabbing one of his great hairy feet into your eye, nostril, or mouth, if you chance to sleep with it open, and then if in your unconsciousness you happen to corner the old fellow too closely, he *will* bite.

Another queer animal acquaintance that we made in this region and encountered, I think by millions, all along our route for nearly thirty leagues, was a mole. In shape, the animal is very like the common garden, or meadow mole of the United States, but he is fully four times as large, and his color is a beautiful mottled white and blue. His habits are something like those of our North American mole, only instead of burrowing entirely beneath the surface, he ploughs along a shallow furrow just about half covering himself. His object is the pursuit of worms and insects with which the surface of the soil, or near it, in all this region, is literally alive. In some places, for a league or more in extent, the whole surface was most effectually turned over, and so numerous were the busy little ploughmen that thousands of them must have been crushed to death beneath our horse's hoofs.

Within about fifteen leagues of Lake Bayadeiro we entered upon a forest region, which, taking all its features into account, is certainly one of the most strange freaks of Dame Nature in wood craft and landscape gardening, I ever saw or heard of. What the extent of this singular forest may possibly be in a direction North and South, I have no idea beyond that we could see no terminus to it on either hand as we entered it. But its extent in the direction in which we traversed it—from East to West, was not less than thirty miles.

The timber was all of one variety—very like the silver ash of North America, the boles all of about the same size—something near twenty inches in diameter, running up as straight as arrows to an immense height, with tops almost as regular and exactly the shape of an open umbrella. There was no undergrowth of any kind, and I do not think we saw ten fallen trunks in the thirty miles of our route through the forest. Whether all those thousands of trunks sprang into life simultaneously, and intend to go out of existence all at one time or not, is a question not very easy of solution I imagine.

The surface of the ground was very generally level, with a moderate inclination towards the lake, and covered everywhere with a compact growth of soft, silky moss, of a beautiful purplish green tint, with square blocks of stone—some black, some nearly white, and others as nearly red, varying in size from two to ten feet square, and rising above the soft, mossy carpet from one to six feet, dotting the whole surface as far as we could see in every direction.

The forest territory had running through it a great many small streams of pure, cold water, the general course of all of them being towards the lake. All these streams were plentifully stocked with a very pretty, and most excellent fish, in size ranging from one to three pounds, shaped and spotted like the North American brook trout, only the color of the fish was a bright, silvery blue, and the spots a jet black. The fish bit ravenously at an artificial fly; and as we spent two days in our leisurely march through the forest, we enjoyed half a dozen capital meals of the beautiful shiners.

Emerging from this singular forest we entered upon a beautiful pampa, gently rolling in its surface, carpeted with herbage and variegated with a thousand kinds—I believe, though I confess I did not count them—of magnificent flowers. This whole stretch of meadow land, some twenty miles in width, and extending north and south as far as our glasses could cover the distance, was teeming with herds of wild cattle and horses; and in crossing it we saw great numbers of *guanaco*, some black antelopes, and a good many small, brown deer, with very white breasts, and short, branching horns.

Crossing this superb meadow, we entered a belt of open wood land, more level than the open country, the trees, mostly *ombu*, growing to an immense size; but low and bushy, very like apple trees, and so wide apart that everywhere among them grass and flowers, and a beautiful variety of wild rose, about eighteen inches in height—the bush I mean—very red and exceedingly odorous, grew everywhere most luxuriantly. Our quadruped neighbors, bovine and equine, as well as the deer and antelope, peopled this ombu opening also, but not so numerously as the meadow country. We found here also our old friends, the chinchilla, ichneumon, several other kinds of small game, and among them a species of squirrel, the color of a mouse, considerably larger than the common gray-squirrel of North America, their flesh very white, and most delicious eating.

This belt of ombu forest bordered the eastern shore of the Lake Bayadeiro, the most beautiful, and all things considered, the most singular of all the South American lakes.

We fixed our camp about an eighth of a mile from the shore of the lake, on a little pine-clad eminence, and it being late when we had finished our labors, and all of us unusually weary, we were not long in losing ourselves in dreamland. And it was not long either, until we were every soul of us in end, and wide awake, startled from our slumbers by the most discordant yells, shrieks, and shrill, piercing screams that ever fell upon mortal ears. Then there was a roaring, moaning wail as of the rushing of a mighty blast, and there swept over and all around, and fell by hundreds on our heads, at our feet, and all in among us, a perfect inundation of—why, when we recovered something from our great scare and gathered in our senses again—we found we had been overwhelmed with a flight of frightened *water fowl* of a dozen different varieties. The cause of this sudden stampede was a total mystery to us then, but we learned all about it in the course of a few days.

☞ It has been beautifully said that "the veil which covers the face of futurity, is woven by the hand of mercy."

Gadall Gle

REPORTED FOR THE SATU

BY ERA

Aunty Scranton Talks

Sook, I follered you u
jest 'cause I wanted ter
you alone. You haint b
Jake come down here ter
I've got a good many thi
ye about. Lor, ain't this
Did yer Mother Cole help
How much did she give
buy that are bedstid?
"No, Jake bought them."
gin ye the bed an' beddin,
lookin'-glass, an' what did
them cheers? An' how
cost? What, "Jake bou
nitur tew once?" How m
He haint told ye? Why
tell? I would. I'd teaze
have no comfort o' his l
'im. Wall, has yer Mot
thing yit? What say?
make ye a present whe
keepin'?" Wall, 't won'
I ain't no prophet. But I
Sook. Fust, ther's the ho
nindefernite period tew
she't was old Dorothy Ra
say? "How come I te
'Cause they offered me n
Whittlesey did. What?
promersed it to Miss Whit
exactly *promersed* it. I
courragement, an' I s'pose
upon havin' on 't, but
Old Square Wilcox offer
more 'n I'd tellied her she
mean—h-m—more'n she
her givin fur it, an' I ain'
what fifteen dollars is wut
is ter other folks. Bealde
dation ter Miss Square Wi
ter keep boarders, an' our
tral place. What now?
pintment ter Miss Whittle
I'd jest's lives spite Miss W
allers ben so provokin' ter
'faire so awful secret, an'
purpose to raise my curio
onsatisfied. Coon, that o
she's rented so many ye
ben in the dress-makin' b
ter thirteen year now—Co
out, after threatenin', tew,
didn't b'lieve he ever w
tlesey 'll find it ruther h
good place for her busin
hadn't thort of hirin' no p
let 'er fret. I'm glad ter
fur once. But, pshaw, So
ter tell ye, that I can't sto
Whittlesey.

But I jest wanter say
about the house arranged
housen stuff is all packed
tew bed-rooms up in the
the way o' Miss Wilco
"Haint I kep a couple o'
come hum, an' keep hou
when I git through visi
a goin' ter Malerky's ter li
me tew?" Not 'xactly, b
an' besides I don't care w
ur not. I'm jest a goin'.
an' thet's jest the place fu
my childrun. 'Taint no g
alone, an' now thet yer pa
an' you 'n Malerky both
stan' it livin' tew our 'us
know whether Malerky's
hev me?" I don't keer
wants me ur not. I guess
tew hum. I 'tend tew.
splendor, and for once I'
splendor too. I like fine
an' rich furnitur, an' carpe
aich, jest 's much 's Malerk
a goin' ther jest 's sune as
will carry me. I sh'll tak
in the mornin'—I've spoke
it a'ready, an' he 'll call te
tew trunks an' my ban'b
I've got with me, an' I
Widder Cole's an' take me
splendid time tew Maler
take me out in the kerridg
an' I'll make Malerky give
an' ef I don't make his w
I'll guess agin. "I'd bet
you know anything about
thet she's got a awful tem
tellied ye? How did ye h
gal thet went to school
year?" Who was it? Sh
ter be so awful private ab
ef ye *won't* tell, ye *won't*
teaze ye. I found out lo
warn't o' no use. But,
you're real hateful somet
my own darter, an' 't wa
nobody ter tell things te
that you wouldn't never te
never tell ye nothin' agin.

So you dew really think
got a awful temper, dew y
has, though! I guess I s
I'll try soft soap on 'er.
fur some folks, while agin
all on some other folkses
late *she* can swaller some
I can manage 'er what ti
—it may be longer an' it
no knowin' what'll happe
't I'll leave 'er my widde
an' thet'll be somethin' o
rich man's darter like 'er.
thing ter tell ye right squ
has writ ter me thet he
property immejitly; an' w
sh'll let him see about it
the bank stork'll be sold
perty 'll be ekerly divide
Malerky wants the bull
'spose you dew yourn of
ed somethin' about lie b
he was gittin' rich fast e
so awful hankerin' after

But I dunno as I bla
continoo makin' money f
'im invest part o' my mon
make me commensely ric
time.

"I better be keerful
Sook, how despert 'fraid
tew luse. I never did yi
But, Sook, ther's som
talk about—h'm! I—I—

eanings.

DAY EVENING POST.
AW.

with Sook Alone.

o stairs ter yer room
have some talk with
in hum sence you 'n
er mother Cole's, an'
gs 't I wanter talk 't
a nice room, though?
ed ye ter furnish it?
owards it? Did she
ur that washstand?
Did, eh? Wall, I
an' the carpit, an' the
Jake pay a piece fur
much did the bureau
ght the hull set o' fur-
uch did he pay for 't?
didn't you *make* 'im
him so't he wouldn't
fe till I got it out on
her Cole gin ye any-
"She's a goin' ter
n ye go ter house-
t be *much*, Sook, ur
've got lots to tell yer,
use. I've let it fur a
liss Square Wilcox—
ndall—they've—what
let them have it?"
more for it then Miss
You thought I'd
tlesey? No, I hadn't
know I'd gin her in-
she raally depended
he needn't a did so.
ed me fifteen dollars
might have it fur—I
n I had talked about
't so deepert rich but
h 's much ter me 's 't
s, it's a gret accomer-
lcox, 'cause she wants
'us is in a good con-
"Ain't it a gret diss-
sey?" Mebby so, but
Whittlesey's not, she's
me, keepin' all her
dowin' things jest a
alty an' then keep it
wned the house that
ar—ever sence she's
usiness—it's nigh on
on has suddingly sold
so long that nobody
ould, and Miss Whit-
ard tew git a nother
ess—fur I s'pose she
lace but our 'us. But
es 'er hop in chalk,
ok, I've got so much
p no longer over Miss

thet I've got things
tew my mind. My
an' looked up in the
addick clean out o'
r an' her boarders.
rooms, so 't I could
se ur board myself
lin'?" "No. I'm a
ve" "Has he asked
out about the same,
whether he askes me
Malerky's *my son*;
r me ter live is with
ret fun keepin' house
r, poor dear, is dead,
married, I couldn't
alone. "How dew I
wife 'll be glad ter
no gret whether she
I can make myself
Malerky's livin' in
'm bound to live in
houses, an' kerridges,
ets, an' high livin', an'
ky dock. Yis, an' I'm
hoss-flesh an' steam
e the stage from here
e tew Mr. Bud about
ow the house fur my
ox, an' my redicule
ne 'll stop here tew
. I mean ter hev a
ky's. *I'll* make 'em
e some, see ef I don't!
e me lots o' presents;
life stan' round then
ter not?" Why, do
'her? You've hearn
per? Hev ye? Who
car on't? "From a
with 'er fur several
no! Sook, you need'nt
out everything. Wall,
I ain't agoin' ter
ng time ago thet I 't
Sook, I do think 't
times. Ef you warn't
rn't thet I hain't got
ew, an' I did'nt know
ell, I swum I wouldn't

thet Malerky's wife's
e? But what ef she
h'll be enough fur 'er.
Soft soap is capertal
it don't set good at
crops. But I calker-
, 'tennyrate I reckon
me I stay to Malerky's
may be shorter—ther's
n. I'll make 'er think
r's thirds when I die,
consider'ble even to a
O, I've got another
are off now. Malerky
wants his part o' the
when I go up there I
right away. Proberbly
—'tennyrate the pro-
ed, fur I see plain 't
o' his share, an' I
course. Malerky hint-
usiness. I sh'd think
nough so's not ter be
roperty.
me 'im fur wantin' ter
ast. Mebby I sh'll let
ey in ile, tew. It *might*
h you know in a leetle

r I'll lose?" Pshaw,
you be! I don't tend
. I'm tew cute.
ethin' else 't I wanter
—dunno rally how ter

come round tew it. Sook—s'posen—s'posen things sh'd turn so 't I shouldn't stay long ter Malerky's? 'specially ef I aint suited after a speli? S'posen—s'posen—wall—now—h'm! I might 's well tell ye about it fust as larst—thet 's what I come here fur mostly—an' ter ask yer advice. Sook, why don't ye ask me about it? You don't never quiz round an' git a thing out of a body, like some folks doos.

Wall, Sook, I'm goin' intow a regiar talk with ye; an' ef anything hap,ns thet we're ob'eeged ter be interrupted, why then I must see ye alone agin—an' that, tew, before to-morrer mornin', 'cause I dasn't depend upon nobody else an' tell 'em everything as I dew you.

Sook, you know thet it's up'ards of a year now 't I've live a widder—an' a smart, respectable, fustrate-behaved widder tew, ef I dew say it. You know 't hadnt ben no widder bewitched nor widder Bedott nyther, runnin' around after all the old bachelters an' old widderers in the land, a tryin' ter git some on 'em to have me; you know 't I haint, Sook. When I was fust left a widder I says ter myself, says I, "now I'm smart, an' I've got property, an' I belong to a raal nice respectable family, an' ther'll be more 'n one old feller thet 'll think he's a dewin' plagy well ter ketch me yit," says I, "an' I ain't a goin' ter borrer no trouble about gittin' married agin, fur I ain't a tall a feard but that I sh'll have chances enough. What ef I dew have ter wait a spell," says I, "there's my widder's pension 'll be runnin' on jest 's long 's I continoo ter live single—an' let it a'coomoolate, let it a'coomoolate," says I, "the longer I have it the more I sh'll be worth," so I hain't ben in no hurry ter marry, no way. Wall, I knowed ther'd be somebody after me time enough; an' sure enough ther has ben tew on 'em tew once, Sook, tew on 'em tew once! Fust an' foremost there was 'Bigah Lawson—his wife, old Miss Lawson 's ben dead jest six weeks an' a day. She was old enough ter be 'Bigah's gran'mother, Miss Lawson was—an' he was her third husband. Why she had seven sons, ye know, Sook, an' the youngest on 'em older 'n 'Bijah by much 's tew or three year, an' that's jest 's true 's the Bible! 'Bijah, you see, was young an' foolish. He happened ter work on the farm for 'em that summer 't her second husband, old Kish Davis, died—an' her boys was all gone off ter seek ther fortin long before, an' ther wan't nobody left on the farm but she an' 'Bijah; an' the old woman was a soft, palaverin old body, an' she kept a foolin' around 'Bijah; an' fust folks knowed they was both married together; an' that was as much 's twenty-five year ago; an' ef ever 'Bijah has ben sorry once that he had 'er, he's ben sorry all the time. I don't blame 'im fur bein' glad 't the old jade is dead, not a bit; but ter be in sich a hurry ter git married agin, beats all o' my fust wive's relations.

Wall, last Tuesday—that was a week ago today—in the mornin' bright an' airly—I was jest a takin' the nails out o' the settin'-room carpet—gittin' ready, ye see, ter pack my things fur Miss Square Wilcox ter move in—an' I didn't hire no help about it, so I took it slow as I could stan' it along; wall, I was a clawin' out the nails an' a takin' on 'em up in a old match-box, an' had on my raggedest dress, an' a old pair o' boots that was Bennydad's before he went ter war—fur I can't dress up when I'm housecleanin'—wall, I happened ter pop up my head 'an look out the winder a minute, an' there was 'Bijah Lawson a hitchin' his old yaller mare tew the post front o' the gate.

Now, Sook, I had clean forgot jest fur the minute, that old Miss Lawson was dead, she's ben sick an' jest a goin' ter die fur so many year, an' them are pesky nails was a bothrin' on me so.

'Bijah, he gin a thunderin' knock tew the front door; an' I says ter myself, says I, "He's come arter some more yarbs fur old Miss Lawson." You see she's ben bedrid so long, an' he's ben yuster coming' ter our 'us once 'n a while o' sich arrants. So I never thought about my bein' a widder an' he a widderer, an' I never stopped ter slick up a bit, but I dropped the claw-hammar, an' run tew the door an' opened it; an' says I "How do dew, 'Bijah?" says I, "how's Miss Lawson, this mornin'? Come arter some more yarbs fur 'er, hain't ye?"

Wall, 'Bijah he squinted at me—you know how he squints them are eyes o' his'n—an' says he,

"You're a pooty widder, talkin' about yarbs fur a dead woman?"

"My land alive, 'Bijah Lawson," says I, "I'd clean furgot she was dead, true 's I live, I had! I was so kinder bothered about takin' up this 'ere carpet—the pesky nails plagus me so. Why I'm ashamed o' myself, I declare I be," says I. "Walk in, Mister Lawson, an' take a seat."

So he come in an' took a seat, an'—wall, I knew 't I was in my old duds, a lookin' like time in the primer, an' I felt as ef I'd made a seris mistake, an' I was kinder flustered like, an' I 'spose Lawson he see it an' thought 't was a sure sign 't he'd prosper well in his undertakin', so, says he,

"Ye ain't a tearing up ter move, be ye, widder Scranton?"

Says I,

"I'm a goin' ter break up an' go ter Malerky's ter live."

"Law," says he, "ye'd better come an' live with *me*. My wife's dead, an' the hired gal's gone off fur good, an' ther's cheese an' beds ter make, an' vittles ter cook, an' harvestin' a comin' on, an' nobody ter dew a mortal thing but me—an' I can't dew the work both indoors an' out, no how."

At that, I rix upon 'im, an says I,

"'Bijah Lawson," says I, "I'd have you ter know 't I don't hire out tew dew housework fur nobody; not I indeed! I'm a rich widder," says I, "an' my husband has died an' left me well off, an' I can afford tew dew nothin' the rest o' my lifetime, ef I'm a minter, I thank ye! An' ef taint the height of imperdunce fur you tew come here an' talk about my hirin' out tew *you* tew dew housework by the week!"

"Law, Miss Scranton," says he, "who's said anything tew ye about hirin' out by the week? *I* haint, fur one. *Ef* you come tew our 'us, I sh'll want ye ter be my wife—of course I shall."

"Wall ef I aint beat!" says I.

At that 'Bijah got right up an' come towards me, an' says he,

"Widder Scranton," says he, "what do ye say? will ye have me or not?" says he.

"Lawful sakes, Mr. Lawson," says I, "who can answer sich a question as that, on so short a notice?"

"How much time d'ye wanter make up yer mind?" says he.

"Tew months," says I.

"Tew months!" says he, "by Jericho, widder," says he, "that's tew long. Harvestin' 'll be over, an' besides that ef I'm a goin' ter marry I wanter marry right away. How much time sh'll I give ye? Say tew weeks, widder. Can't ye make up yer mind in tew weeks?" says he.

"I guess so; leastways I'll try," says I. "But come, 'Bijah," says I, "ef you want me ter marry ye, jest take hold o' this claw hammar an' help me about gittin' up this carpet," says I, "fur them tack-nails plagues me awful." So he laid hold o' the claw hammar an' set ter work, an' the way them nails come out, an' that carpet come up was a caution, now I tell ye. Sook, he done it fustrate, an' took it out an' shook it nicely, an' brought it in an' packed it away fur me, an' helped me stow away some cheers an' a lot o' things. Tell ye, Sook, Bijah was jest 's handy about the house as a gal. 'Bijah's smart tew work tew, an'—what be you a laffin' at so, Sook? Why you're fairly turnin' black 'n blue in the face, an' you shake as ef you'd shake ter pieces. You needn't ter make fun o' 'Bijah Lawson at that rate. 'Bijah Lawson ain't ter be sneezed at, let me tell you. He's smart tew work, raal smart, an' he looks well enough when he's dressed up in his Sunday-go-ter-meetin's, an'—wall he ain't so awful much younger 'n I be. Le' me see! 'Bijah Lawson was married about twenty-five year ago, an' he was in the neighborhood o' nineteen then, that would fetch 'im up ter about forty-five year old, an' I'm sure I ain't sich a mighty sight older 'n that, not an'where nigh what his fust wife was. I ain't, but—le' me see! twenty—thirty—forty—fifty—wall, I was fifty-five the twenty-fust o' last Janerwary; an' what's ten year's difference I wanter know when tew is agreed? 'Tain't nothin' at all!

But then I can git married ef I wanter, an' not have 'Bijah Lawson. I've had another beau this very week. Sook, you'll be surprised when I tell ye about it—but I'll tell ye the hull, an' then you must advise me the best ye can which one ter have.

Oh, sho! ef there ain't the Widder Cole's dinner-bell a ringin'—that's tew bad! Wall, I'll tell ye the rest after dinner, Sook.

SCRAPS OF NATURAL HISTORY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY VERNET.

The Penguin.

We have all perhaps often enough seen the Penguin noticed and partially described in works of Natural History, but there are several of the habits and peculiar characteristics of the queer birds, which but for personal observation and some investigation I should have remained entirely ignorant of, and as there may be readers of THE POST lacking my opportunities, these peculiarities may be worth to such readers the few scratches of the pen I intend to devote to the bird.

Penguins have their habitations—or more properly haunts, in divers far-off—mostly cold, desolate corners of the world, remote from those of man, for whose society they seem to have a strong and inherent aversion. I remember upon several occasions, not more than twenty years ago, seeing Penguins about the Falkland Islands as numerous as the reed birds in their season along the marshes of the Delaware. In 1847 we went into Port Desire River, on the east coast of Patagonia, with a Brazilian man-of-war brig, and remained there a month. On our arrival the Penguins were swarming everywhere about us both on the land and in the water. Long before our departure the birds had taken theirs, deserting the river entirely, and it was not until several years afterwards that they returned in any considerable numbers.

Upon the occasion of my last visit to the Falklands, in 1855, six or seven years after their permanent settlement by the English, only now and then a solitary Penguin was to be seen. Many other instances of the Penguin's aversion to human society might be mentioned.

About all the islands, inlets, and rocky nooks on the eastern coast of Terre del Fuego, through the Strait of Le Maire, along all that stretch of cold, dreary coast, from the above strait, westward to Cape Horn, and then down the western side of the land as far North as the Bay of Gonoa, Penguins live and breed in countless thousands, and in more than twenty varieties—some of them no taller than the North American snipe, and others standing full three feet bare-foot.

The Penguin is not a bird of flight in any sense, as his wings are rather fins without feathers, but clad in a fine compact down that is almost fur. But the Penguin swims like a fish—or more nearly like lightning, for there are very few fish in the sea that can swim with more than half the velocity of the Penguin.

The bird walks erect, with an awkward, waddling gait, and never gets far back from the water, which to all intents is its proper element. Oftentimes in standing with a ship along the shores of these Penguin coasts, the birds may be seen by thousands, ranged in long lines along the rocks almost as regular as drilled soldiers.

It is asserted by sealers and sea-lion hunters, who have excellent opportunities of observing their habits, that the baby Penguins have an utter horror of the water, and at first are forcibly thrust into it by the old birds. How much of truth there may be in the statement, I do not know, but I *do* know that at maturity no coercion is necessary to induce a Penguin to take to the water.

The Penguins of Cape Horn vary in color as much as they do in size, being "ringed, streaked, and speckled," and of all the colors and shades, from black to white, though the two extremes are rare. In its habits the Penguin is strictly gregarious, always living in large communities, though members of the family do occasionally wander a long way from home. In such cases the poor wanderer always appears to be almost distracted, darting hither and thither, plunging, diving, and screaming so unmercifully, that sailors say of any one tearing around and making an unusual outcry—"He yells and dives like a lost Penguin."

The prey of the bird is fish exclusively, and with his strong, flat bill, as long and something narrower than a duck's, he chops his live fish into mincemeat before swallowing it. That the jaws of a Penguin can cut like a pair of sharp shears, a conspicuous scar on the forefinger with which I am grasping the pen to write this "scrap," bears testimony.

My attempt to catch a Penguin, in the harbor of Callao one Sunday morning, the failure and what came of it, I believe to be worth the telling in a separate sketch, and by permission of the publishers of THE POST, I shall certainly make an attempt upon the incident—or rather adventure, at the earliest opportunity.

STANZAS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY CHARLES MORRIS.

'Tis the fullness now of Time,
And the world is sick with crime,
Sick with agony and tears,
  Struggling with a mighty reach
  Up a steep and rugged breach
In the long wall of the years,
Hoping, dreaming, that an Eden lies
Hidden somewhere yonder far from mortal eyes.

What is left to us from these
Dead and buried centuries?
  Is there not some fruit divine,
  Sombre grapes, dropt long ago
  By the iron boughs of woe,
From which angel feet tread wine?
Drink, O souls! athirst in every sense,
This is the rare vintage of Experience.

We may trace by sands of gold
Every course where thought has rolled;
Deep, prophetic voices rise
  From the depths of graves unknown,
  And Auroral lights are strown
On these interlunar skies,
Wierd symbols from Time's faithful memory
Wherein the ages past figure the age to be.

Not much longer shall the thrones
Of tyrants stifle human groans;
Fate with her divine decree
  Seals the past; the future stands,
  Hope's bright anchor in her hands,
A nobler shape of destiny;
Slowly the dawn streams up the eastern sky,
And all the winged white hours unto the zenith fly.

Gertie Ray's Awakening.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY EMILIE LESTER LEIGH.

"I'm so tired, Cousin Grace!"

Gertrude came and seated herself on the carpet at my feet, with her pure face uplifted pleadingly to mine.

"Tired of *what*, Gertie?" I asked, wondering seriously what there could be in her bird-like way of taking life to tire one.

"Of waiting for something to do in the world. You who are always busy—of course *you* do not sympathize with people who get time to be miserable. Now I am perfectly wretched, and I don't think you even know it."

I opened my eyes very wide, for truly I did not know that this smiling, dainty little lady had found a deeper sorrow in the seventeen years she had been the petted lamb of the household than the loss of a canary. She did not like it that I should seem surprised.

"Now don't look wonder-stricken! You working-people do take everything so terribly in earnest! I suppose you wouldn't know what I mean if I told you that I am beginning to grow nervous and restless with this happy life of mine. It is too full of sunshine. It separates me from other people, and I feel lonely. I want something to do that will absorb all the will and energy in me as *your* work does. I want to earn my rest, and enjoy it as you do. In fact I think I need to be awakened from this dreamy, comfortable happiness which came out of the cradle with me. Perhaps a little trouble would be good for me—make a better woman of me."

"Be still, Gertrude Ray!" I commanded. "I will not hear you talk like that. I *do* understand you, and there was a time in my life when I was as foolish as you are to-day. When my time of awakening came it was so sudden and startling that I *was* more like one stunned than awakened. Every human life has somewhere such a shock, I think. Be thankful every day of your life that yours has not come yet!"

"Oh, Grace, what a croaking old owl you are—isn't this spray of buds sweet, pretty?—look at me, now!"

She had flitted from me, and stood before the mirror fastening a little branch of moss rosebuds in her brown curls. She had broken them from my pet window-plant just as if I had not counted them over and over, and waited for their opening with longing eyes. Everything in our great house belonged to Gertie just as all the out-door bloom belongs to the butterflies and birds. She turned saucily around, and said in her quaint, childish way:

"Look at me, Cousin Grace. Tell me that I am pretty—please."

She did not look like one who is approaching a great life-awakening. And yet, in my heart, I felt that her words meant something. What was this stirring and flutter of her young soul—was her pure, glad childhood taking flight, and would this baby-queen, this regal pet of ours be like all other women? Would she build a temple, high and holy, to an idol of clay, and sit pale and sorrowful among the ruins when it falls, as other women do? She was pure and sweet, and very lovely. Would she stand before me, some day when the roses were dead, uncrowned, and white and patient? God knew.

"Why don't you smile, Grace? You don't think I'm very pretty, do you? You don't care for rosebuds?" she pouted.

"A gentleman down stairs to see you, Miss Gertie."

"Who is he, Madge?" she asked, carelessly.

"He did not send his name. He said that he came from Col. Ray."

"Oh, I'm so glad!"

I do not know why it should have been so, but my heart gave a great throb, and stood still. I thought *I* was getting nervous, too. I was out of patience with myself, for I had frightened Gertie by turning pale; she came and leaned upon my arm.

"What is it, Gracie? Do you think papa is sick—or dead?"

"Oh, no, not dead, Gertie. The telegraph brings all the sad news. I will go down with you to meet this bearer of good tidings."

We found a gentleman standing in the parlor, before a fine old painting, that was Col. Ray's pride among all his pictures. His arms were folded across a broad chest, and his head was turned slightly from us, revealing a profile of fine features, and a broad, white forehead, crowned with short, brown curls. He turned as we entered, and his dark eyes, lighted with a singularly beautiful expression as they met Gertie's flushed, eager face. She had forgotten the rosebuds in her hair, and her blue eyes were full of tears. I had never seen her sweet face so perfectly lovely as it was then. That man had wonderful eyes; looking in them once you would have trusted him without asking aught that belonged to his past.

"My father—what is it?" she asked, breathlessly.

He smiled, a rare, pleasant smile that strengthened my sinking heart; and I thought his voice corresponded with those strange, sorrowful, smiling eyes.

"You have been excited—alarmed, I am afraid, Miss Ray. The colonel was wounded at Vinksburg—very slightly—and now, that he is able to enjoy it, he thinks that he needs his daughter to read and sing to him, and help him get well. I have a letter from him which will explain his plans."

Again that smile, and I noted the peculiar expression that settled over his face when it passed. It was like the closing together of the clouds after a gleam of sunshine breaks out in a stormy day. It was not sadness; it seemed too holy for that; it was the quiet, patient look that comes over the face of a life-long sufferer, who has given up hope long ago, and only waits for the end.

While Gertie read the letter I brought refreshments, and learned that Col. Ray had planned for them to come on to Washington immediately. Gertie came back with flushed cheeks and downcast eyes, yet looking very happy.

"A postscript for you, Cousin Grace," she said, demurely.

I took the letter, and read—"You need not fear to trust our little girl to Dr. Clayton's care. He has saved my life, and if Gertie can learn to love him we will reward him nobly, eh, Gracie?"

It was like the colonel, and a joke, of course, that postscript. But somehow I could not help feeling that Gertrude's merry life was coming near its awakening to sober earnest. They left me on the afternoon train, and I went back to my work and waited. The big house seemed still and lonely without Gertie; but then, as she had said, I was always busy.

Her first letter was brief; they had arrived safely, and found her father as well as they had expected; nothing more.

A week later she wrote that the wound had assumed a dangerous appearance, and the colonel was wild with fever. Dr. Clayton was with him day and night, devoted almost exclusively to him. He was not a regular hospital physician; only a private gentleman, who devoted his professional service to the sick and wounded soldiers out of pure benevolence, receiving no compensation but the gratitude and blessings of the poor fellows he nursed to life, as it often seemed. "It is his mission, he says. I suspect he has had his awakening."

Ah! Gertie had found time to study that out, amid all her new duties and trials. The next letter came after three weeks' waiting.

The colonel was better; but he had been saved as by fire.

Dr. Clayton was himself worn down with watching, and almost ill. Gertie was well; they had been very careful of her strength; and never so happy. She did not know how well. I would know what that meant. "Oh, Gracie," the letter went on, "I can never tell you how much we owe to Philip Clayton. A whole lifetime would not be long enough to repay his kindness to us. That dreadful day when they left papa upon the field, Philip found him and brought him away; and he has been with him through all the danger since. It is very singular that all the people in this place call him by his Christian name; but I have fallen into the habit now, and it just seems natural."

After this Gertie's letters were eloquent with Philip Clayton's warm praises. He was perfect in her eyes. I think that she grew to feel as the soldiers did, a tender reverence for the man who ministered with a woman's devotion to them all. Colonel Ray did not get well so fast as they had hoped. He was too old now, to recover rapidly from such a shock, and they decided to come home. "Phil comes with us, of course," Gertie wrote in her blind confidence of the future. Gertie's awakening was very near now that she had ceased to long for it.

I had everything prepared for their arrival, and there was still a day to wait before I could expect them. The last evening which I was to spend alone, brought the postman unexpectedly to the door. There was a letter directed in Gertrude's handwriting, and I went to my room to read it.

"Dear Cousin Gracie," she commenced, "do you remember that day when you told me how your life awakening came so suddenly that you seemed to yourself to be stunned? *My* hour has come, and I think I must be feeling as you did, or I could not write calmly to you. Have you thought, dear Gracie, in these months of watching by my father's side, that I was learning to love the noble, tender man who shared my care? I confess it to you, now that it is all over. Perhaps I ought to be ashamed to own how I have loved him; but it seems so sad and holy, that I do not feel it shame. I think that you must have known, for my heart has always laid bare before your loving eyes. We are coming home, as I told you, and I want this letter to reach you before I do, and then this subject need never be mentioned between us again. How shall I begin this story, which I do not yet realize myself? In my last I said to you, 'Phil comes with us, of course.' That was a decision of papa's and mine, without consulting Dr. Clayton himself. This morning I found papa looking ill and very grave. He told me that he was feeling worse, much worse; but I replied cheerfully that he would soon be well, when we were once home. 'Do you know that I am to lose my physician to-day, Gertie?' he asked, looking steadily in my face. 'What *do* you mean, papa?' I asked. 'That Dr. Clayton will bid us good-bye this afternoon. He is going to find somebody who needs him more than we do.' 'And who needs him more than we?' 'I do not know,' he answered, gloomily, and then, looking into my eyes very earnestly, he added, 'can you change his purpose, little one?' My heart was full of sunshine and singing birds, all day. I could keep him with us *always*. I would never let him go. I was glad that I was young and beautiful, for I could keep him. I knew that he was going away because he loved me; this lofty man in his humility. I could bid him stay; after all he had done for us, it would not be bold to say to him, 'Our northern home is very lovely; stay with us always there.' I said all this over softly to myself exultingly, and yet I trembled when late in the day I heard his step on the stair, at my door. I went to meet him, and I saw that his step was unsteady; and when I reached my hand to him, he sank into the chair nearest the door, and covered his eyes with his hand. 'Pardon me, Miss Ray, I believe I am excited; I have come to say good-bye.' He was breathing heavily, like one in a nightmare. 'And I will not hear you say good-bye. Papa

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TURDAY EVENING POST.

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There is peace in our home for you, my dear friend.'

"I longed to tell him that there was love there too for him; but I wanted him to ask for it. He did not; he stood looking vacantly into my face, and his lips worked convulsively. I waited for the words that did not come; when he did speak, he only said,

"'You are very kind; but I must go now.'

"I threw his hand from me, and went and laid my face in the lounge-pillows, sobbing like an angry child. He would not understand me, and I had spoken so plainly, too plainly for any common circumstances. He came and knelt beside me, and lifted my head to his shoulder. Holding me thus, in a strong, passionate clasp, he whispered,

"'Gertie, darling, you must not grieve like this. Oh! Little Gertie, if you knew— Are these tears all mine? Forgive me, Gertrude, for loving you, now that I am honorable enough to leave you.'

"'*Must* you go, Philip? Need you go?' I sobbed.

"'Yes, I *must* go,' he answered hoarsely.

"I felt his hand cold on my cheek as he laid me back on the pillows, and started from me as if I had been a loathsome reptile.

"'God forgive me! I did not mean to say that to you! I believe I am wild to-night.'

"I lifted my head weakly to look into his eyes, while he said those cruel words. He was walking back and forth rapidly; and I have never seen a living face so perfectly white as his was then. He came back to me after a little while, and stood so that I could not see his face.

"'Gertie, you are thinking that I am acting a mean, unmanly part towards you. You will always think of me as a dishonorable wretch who stole your esteem only to fling it back when caprice directed. You will remember the happiest days of my whole life only to despise the base stranger who crept into your regard, and then trifled with your friendship. It would be better for you to believe this, perhaps, than to know why I am leaving you; but I cannot bear it. Oh! Gertie, I cannot bear it.'

"His voice was a wail now.

"'I meant to go away, and let you forget me, or remember me with contempt; but I have no strength to go. You have been too pure and womanly in unveiling your sacred love, to be deceived now. I must make a confession which I thought no torture could wring from me. You must not quite loathe me, Gertrude. I might go home with you, and glide with the current of events into the haven of perfect earthly bliss, which you have prepared for me. But I should take a sore conscience with me. To be satisfied, I must be wretched. Look at me, Gertrude Ray!'

"He stood bravely before me, in his dark, splendid beauty.

"'Look at my face, my form, my *heart*, if you will, and tell me how I am unlike other men.'

"He smiled—that sweet, strange smile, I shall see in my dreams forever, and went on:

"'You do not answer me. See how completely I might have deceived you; how I might have stolen into your happy home, and left a serpent-slime along your life-path, and you need never know. It has been a terrible temptation. I shall make a wreck of all to-night—*all!*—home, happiness, the love of wife, and the kisses of innocent children. I am casting them all out of my life. Pity me, Gertie. The sacrifice is very great; but I am going back to my old life without *that* sin on my soul. Gertrude, are you listening to me? Oh! love! this is dreadful!'

"There were drops of sweat standing on his forehead, and the blue veins were knotted like whip-cords. He knelt at my feet, and hid his face in my hands. His voice was full of shame and sorrow.

"'Gertie, a great gulf stretches between you and me—a gulf so deep and wide, that after this moment you will thank God that I dared not cross to you. I am of the hated race. My mother was the favorite slave of a man I have never called father.'

"Oh! Grace, if the earth had opened at my feet, I could not have started back from that man as I did then. He felt the recoil, and lifted his head—that proud, grand head, so terribly abased, and, strangely enough, smiled at my horror.

"'It was a dreadful mistake, was it not? A white man's face and soul, and a black man's lot in life. But you need not share it. You are thankful, are you not, for that?'

"His calmness was more sorrowful than his anguish had been. I stood up by his side, and taking his hand again, I laid my head on his shoulder and said to him:

"'It is God who has put us apart, Philip; in His holy sight we are equals. I shall never love another man as I have loved you. Perhaps in Eternity we shall find some compensation for this hour. God bless you forever!'

"He bowed his head upon mine, and his tears fell fast upon my forehead. *It was my baptism of sorrow!* Once, only once, in all the months we have spent together, his lips just rested on my hair.

"'I am going now. Good-bye, Gertrude!' he whispered.

"I said good-bye, and he was gone.

"'I am coming home to-morrow—papa and I, alone. Do not pity me, Grace; only strengthen me and encourage me in the work I have chosen. My awakening is over. Please God, I will work now as he is working for our poor soldiers. Not in the hospitals, for I could not do so much here as I can at home.'

"She came back to me the next day—a little paler, and something sadder, but more of a woman. The colonel was so feeble that he really needed Gertrude's quiet home-care; but his manner towards her was soft and tender, as I remembered it in the early days of her motherless life. Her new life has begun—a life full of gentle care for others; little sacrifices, which only suffering teaches how to make; and she is growing every day more sweetly womanly. She needed only to be awakened to this solemn life of ours. It might have been an awakening to a gladder life, brimful of love and joy, as few women's lives are. But to the colonel, in his feeble, declining years, and to me, looking toward the sunset of a clouded day, she is most precious as she is now. Our quiet old house would be less like home if her love had brought glad voices and light footsteps into it. The calm, beautiful woman who puts up jellies, and dries our peaches and apples for the hospitals, packs huge rolls of bandages, and picks lint; who sends her choicest journals and books to the suffering ones, and has always a cheerful word and smile—a song, perhaps—for us at home; *she* harmonizes well with the dull gray atmosphere which surrounds our daily life. Somewhere in the days that are to come, there may be a *second* awakening from this life of earnest, devoted effort, and love and happiness may come to her then. We do not like to think of that time. In our selfishness, we like it well that the soft shadow of a love shattered before its full blooming, has fallen upon her gay, thoughtless life. She never speaks of Philip Clayton. I believe in her heart she would be glad not to have known the breadth and depth of the gulf between them. He will not hear her name spoken, for her large charities are lost sight of in the streams which set towards the south. They work together in the same holy cause; but Gertrude said truly, that it is God who has put their lives apart. Perhaps, in the land of souls the great law of blood will be repealed. *Perhaps*—'we know not the ways of the country.'"

AMONG the school books used in France is one, entirely unknown in this country, consisting of fac similies of letters written by business men, eminent people, etc., intended to teach children the art of reading writing, of which there is almost universal ignorance in America. Every variety of hand is selected, beginning with the best, and gradually proceeding to scrawls which puzzle printers and "blind letter" men in post-offices.

TIME'S CHANGES.

Flow, silver streamlet, to the shining sea,
By rock and ruin, glide by lawn and lea,
But murmur not so solemnly and sad.

Oft I have heard thee sing a jocund strain;
Oh! chant once more that jubilant refrain,
Whose merry music made my child-heart glad.

Sing, wood-bird, sing, deep in the forest shade;
Let thy wild music echo through the glade,
But pipe not such a mournful melody!

Blithe were thy warblings when this heart was young;
Oh! chant again that happy matin-song
Which broke my slumbers in the years gone by.

Chime, Sabbath-bells, your melodies of peace,
Which bid our earth-born cares and strivings cease,
And whisper tidings from the far-off shore;

But blend not with your notes that cruel knell
Which bids to youth and home a sad "Farewell!"
O chime again as in the days of yore!

Are these so sad and altered as they seem?
Or are they as they were in childhood's dream,
When life was fragrant as a rose in June?

They answer not. To me they seem estranged;
The treacherous years have all their music changed,
Or else my heart is beating out of tune!

PAULINE ROME;

OR,

MY MISTAKE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY AUGUST BELL.

CHAPTER I.

Ned Lacy and I are cousins, and have been friends from boyhood. I had lived two lonely years with my uncle, who had become my guardian, when one stormy winter night, the night of my tenth birthday, as I lay dreaming before the library fire, the door swung open, and a bright-eyed boy came in. My uncle was close behind, and he looked down at us both with a great pity in his eyes, as he said gently:

"My boys, my two little orphan nephews, you have only me and each other in the world. Little children, love one another."

I glanced inquiringly at the new boy; he was my cousin then, my cousin Ned Lacy, whose father and mother, the housekeeper had been that day telling me, were only a little while ago lost at sea. I liked him at once; there was something so open and frank in his look as he met my eyes. There were tears in his own as uncle spoke, and he looked at me with a quivering on his red young mouth. Ned had loved his father and mother greatly. I learned the strength of his devotion afterwards, as, one by one he let the torn tendrils of his affection cling and twine about us two. And now, looking back through all the years to that first evening in the library, with the storm beating on the windows, and Ned and I two little friendless boys, except for our dear old uncle; and when I think of that uncle, with his white, thin hair, and sweet, worn face, taking us both to his heart, it seems to me that Christ must have loved him as He did His own most beloved disciple, who, in his old age, among his last words, said, "Little children, love one another."

I am not, perhaps, quick to love, less quick now than in those olden days. I am just—sternly just, men say—and I find it hard to trust or admire any character that has ever even in the slightest way swerved from perfect nobleness. Do I think myself faultless then? Heaven knows I cannot!

My boyish exactingness found nothing ignoble in Ned Lacy. He yielded to me, as his elder, a winning deference which enlisted my favor to begin with, and no one could have helped loving the bright, affectionate, open-hearted child. My uncle watched us with delight; he heard our lessons himself; he listened to the story of our sports, and with a hand for each of us, walked every day beneath his ancestral trees, telling us of our parents, and how they loved each other.

"And so must you, my boys," he always said.

One evening I remember vividly. I lay in the old dark paneled library, at my uncle's feet, my head pillowed on Bruno, and for a wonder did not know nor think where Ned might be. I was sixteen then, and he fifteen; both daring, adventurous boys. That day we had been reading the Faery Queen together, and I was in fancy living it all over again—myself a Red Cross knight—when suddenly, just as in imagination I was searching despairingly for the true Una, I heard, or thought I heard, a cry in the darkness and distance. Bruno lifted his head, and as we listened we heard it again. At that moment my uncle asked:

"Where is Ned?"

"Oh! uncle!" I cried, springing up, "see Bruno pawing at the door. I heard a cry just now; something is happening to Ned!" And I rushed from the room with the excited dog bounding before me.

Out into the night we plunged, and down the long avenue toward the lake, whence seemed to come that still faintly repeated cry. The household were aroused and following us, but Bruno and I were first to stand on the dark, steep bank, first to see the uplifted hand clutching a slender bough of the weeping willow, and the white, scared face beneath. The next moment Bruno was in the water by Ned's side, while I, in confusion, on the shore, remembering Ned's splendid skill in swimming, called out:

"Ned, why don't you swim in? It's not more than six feet!"

"I can't, Dane! Something dreadful is dragging me down," he answered, with an indefinable terror in his voice.

By this time the servants stood beside me. Last of all came the gardener with a rope, which was just the thing wanted. He threw it to Ned, who did not catch at it.

"My strength is almost gone. I am afraid to let go of the tree. *It* will drag me down!"

Bruno at his side howled dismally. Poor Ned! I leaped into the water, and in a moment was fastening the rope about his waist and arms, keeping myself afloat.

"Now shall we pull him in?" asked the men.

"Yes, pull—anything!" gasped Ned.

I loosed his hand from the bough, and supported his head, while they drew him in. Slowly, firmly, they pulled. Some heavy weight was evidently attached to him, but whatever it was, it suddenly fell off, and they raised him up on the shore, senseless at length, after all the terrible tension upon nerve and strength. We fell to work rubbing his hands and feet. Bruno still howled, standing dripping on the bank, while Jake, the gardener's boy, explored the water curiously with a long stick. Suddenly he cried aloud, and as I turned—Time can never blot out that sight!—I saw twisted about the pole something white, and floating like a garment, and in among it, gleaming ghastly, as the moon, struggling out of the clouds, struck down upon it, was a face, dead!

"Dreadfully staring
Through muddy impurity!"

I turned again, to see my uncle, with eyes full of horror, surveying the scene. He instantly ordered that Ned should be carried to the house, and myself to go with him, while he remained upon the bank to give orders about the poor lifeless body.

Poor Ned! such a night was enough to turn his brain, but he was strong and young—he overcame it. It seems he had conceived the romantic idea of imagining himself Leander, his Hero being the statue beyond the lake! He had swam to the farther side of his mimic Hellespont, with the clouds gathering in the sky above him, and then turning back, had almost reached his starting place again, when his feet became entangled inextricably—the more he struggled, the more hopelessly, and it seemed to him that a cold hand clutched at him. Instinctively he caught at the willow swaying above, and so clung screaming till we came.

The next day my uncle checked all curious questioning about the drowned body.

"It is an unhappy suicide, my children—ask no more," he said gravely.

But I was not satisfied till, in a solitary ramble, I discovered a spot where the earth had been disturbed in among the shrubbery, an oblong spot, which I knew must be the grave of the unknown. And a relic awaited me too, for as I pushed aside the bushes, gaining the bank, there lay in the long grass under the willow something glistening. I took it up, the damp, cold, shining thing. It was a bracelet of amber and gold, with a great clasp, curiously wrought, containing a flaming red carbuncle cut like a heart. This was my treasure-trove! I showed it to my uncle, and to Ned; then, as no one could claim it, in spite of all remonstrances I put it away with my hidden things, now and then to be taken out, dreamed over, and shuddered at.

At that time I was sixteen—two years more, and I was eighteen. Ned and I were dearer to each other than most brothers, I think, and brave and daring as he was, I ever felt a sense of protection towards him, perhaps because I was older, perhaps because I was stronger. Yet our studies and pursuits so far were identical, our achievements the same. It was then that my uncle grew feeble, became sick unto death at last, and having charged us, as so often before, to "love one another," he passed away. Ned and I stood at the bedside with our great grief, he weeping uncontrollably upon my shoulder, while I closed the sightless eyes which had always looked kindly upon us.

The next month was dreary enough. Lawyers settled my uncle's estate, dividing it between us two, but we were not to have absolute possession for seven years, when I would be twenty-five, and Ned twenty-four. Until that time the principal lawyer who played the *rôle* of guardian, suggested decidedly that we had better pursue our studies and travel. To accomplish both which ends we went to Heidelberg, and lived the happy, careless, German student life for years. I think I studied by far the most. Ned, arriving at manly graces, tossed back his brown locks, smoked his meerschaum, fell in love a dozen times, wrote poetry, and withal kept his heart good and pure, as might be seen by one glance into his honest, dark eyes. But serious times had not yet come to Ned. I studied hard. I was ambitious. Life stretched before me full of grand possibilities, I meant to make them real. Nothing short of the very highest and best should satisfy me.

At length we left Heidelberg, and travelling about among the mountains, rivers and cities of Europe for a year, came home at last to claim our patrimony. Polished? I suppose so. Courted and flattered we seemed everywhere to be, but these things were, I know, but as dust in the balance to Ned and me, for up to this time our ambitions were lofty, our aims pure and unselfish. Ned! my dear Ned! I used sometimes to lay my arm upon his shoulder and look into his clear, dark eyes, thinking how, so far, all my world lay there.

But we came home at last. The next thing was to assume all our responsibilities, and to this end we visited our guardian.

CHAPTER II.

Pauline Rome! She had made herself a swing among the grape-vines at the end of the verandah, and there she nestled, swaying herself to and fro with little taps of her small, shapely foot upon the boards beneath. A woman like a peach, or like a pink dahlia, or like a rhododendron blossom, so much warmth and color lay in her face, though she was by right a blonde. Her hair was bronze hair, and it clustered like vine tendrils; her indolent, long-lashed blue eyes questioned us with a look which would have seemed bold in eyes less beautiful, and her ruby, pouting lips already smiled upon us.

"Here I am, a Bacchante among my vine-leaves. Why don't you introduce me?" she called out in a voice of full, rich sweetness, as our guardian would have passed her.

With slow courtesy he stopped.

"Miss Rome, gentlemen. These are my expected wards, Pauline," said Mr. Periam. "I regret that my daughter is not here to welcome you, too, gentlemen, but she has gone on a visit to her aunt."

"We shall do very well without Elizabeth. Now which is Dane Hawes, and which is Ned Lacy?" she demanded imperiously; then went on: "Because I mean to like Dane best, for the sake of his odd name.

Her freedom displeased me, though I hardly knew why. I replied with an irrepressible coldness:

"*I* am Mr. Hawes, at your service, Miss Rome."

"Oh! *you!*" she retorted, lifting her long lashes, till her splendid eyes were bent full upon my face. "Then hand me my book which I dropped an hour since."

I took up the volume title. It was Boccaccio's

"I will not lay this boo I said, and I placed it on

Her color did deepen a movement of her graceful book far away, off into th

"There, tyrant! what momentary fascination in did not like the lady so simply:

"Stay among the green girl, Miss Rome!" Then Periam, who stood waiting Ned's eyes were delighted of the dahlia-like woman and the hat which he had he still held in his hand, back to my head long ago

"*You're* not like him?" a little imploring accent.

"Not a bit," he answe say, stay among the green Miss Rome!" and with long spray from the gra ferentially like a chaplet

"The murder of the gayly; "are you not asha life of all these clinging y die!'

"And so must you and ing her mood and quotin chantes are not immortali

"Ah! why did I men speak of it!" she said wit that is sweet, life and lov challenged him.

"Life and love!" he r cepting the charm of her

It vexed me. I fore which at this particular for business and business our visit here. I fancied little annoyed too, but fancy, for he smiled as library, saying:

"Mr. Lacy will follow think."

And in a few minutes our accounts and reckonin I was twenty-six, Ned tw uncle's wish I was to hav ancestral home, and Ned Scotch Hill; but we wer during both our lives d Then there was property be accounted for, and int which was a good three end, Mr. Periam, our gua hands with us, and congr tune and position.

"You are the only rep norable house. Heaven you to add new honor to

It was late then in the sisted on our remaining day. In fact he told us h to us, and he hoped for o wanted his wards to be Periam was a fine old ge courteous and sincere, an mise him anything, know my uncle's cherished frie ed the invitation with d rising to leave the library

"Who is Miss Rome, M

His face grew a little g

"A ward of mine, poo once, and still calls herse not a good man; he wast died, leaving this girl come."

"And then?" I asked.

"Pauline's home had guests, some still called th spends most of her time another; her money supp tween whiles when no o her she comes back to be her friend." He said in his voice.

We went back to the watch the sun slowly s Pauline Rome had gone, l vine stems to mark her m stood leaning against a c as I often fondly called h his senior; Mr. Periam his bright, handsome face eyes, the strong, yet sen all tokens of the chara whispered to me:

"Your friend is one Dane!"

The rosy clouds stoo gorgeous ruin over the h darkness was creeping u thus in Life do we stand some glorious dream, glor away from us—not think all our light was going ness was creeping up grew thoughtful.

"I wish my Bess were her so at evening."

"When will she ret slight attempt at interest

"In two weeks. She miss!" he answered with

A boy came up the ste perfumed billet-doux for on into the house.

"Is the incense of flo paper going up at Miss R

"Almost always."

Any one who had seen ly help having his thoug her. I could not rid think I never saw any w more unprepossessed. a luxuriant spoiled beaut seemed a want of reserv was a lightness, a somet which repelled me. Bu one is perfect—I choose their faults as for their vi which are generous, and To my fastidiousness Mi of the true metal. I thoughts would wander

The daylight had qu only dimly see Ned st column. We were all sile can be. Suddenly a vo the hall, reaching us wh singing with a wild, pa tone, that exquisite

"Break, break, bre
On thy cold gray st

A heart of rock would started, and by mutual and down the long, dark end sat our lady Paul

with a glance at the Decameron.
k in a lady's hand," the railing near her.
little at that. With a l arm she swept the e tall grass.
next?" There was a this submission, but I nehow, so I answered

leaves, and be a good I turned to join Mr. g in his doorway. But with the fair tableau swinging in the vines, taken off in greeting, though mine had gone
." I heard her say with

ered, laughing, "for, *I* leaves, and be a queen, the words he tore a e vine, and laid it de- on her head.
innocents!" she said amed to have taken the oung tendrils? They'll

I," he replied, catch- g the primer. "Bac- !"
ation death! Do not h a shiver. "It is life e!" and her blue eyes

epeated after her, ac- eyes.
saw another flirtation, time was malapropos, only was the object of Mr. Periam looked a perhaps it was only he led the way to his

as soon as he can, I

he did follow, when to g we went with a will. enty-five, and by our e Oakley Place, the old the adjoining estate of re to occupy together ear old Oakley House. in stocks and funds to erest calculated, all of e hours' work. At its rdian no longer, shook atulated us on our for-

resentatives of an ho- bless you, and help your name," he said. afternoon, and he in- with him till the next is house was ever open ur frequent visits; he come his friends. Mr. ntleman, large-minded, d I was ready to pro- ing him to have been nd. Ned, too, accept- delight. As we were , I asked: r. Periam?" raver as he said: girl! at least she was If so. Her father was ed a large fortune and with just a scanty in-

had many wealthy themselves friends. She in visiting from one to lies her dress, and be- ther home is open to us. I always mean to this with a tone of pity

erandah after awhile to ailing down the West. eaving bent and broken omentary throne. Ned olumn, "my boy Ned," im, though only a year looked full at his face, , his fearless, laughing sitive curve of his lip, ster beneath, and he

out of ten thousand,

d piled like a heap of ills, and behind us the p the sky. How often spell-bound, watching ious to the last, crumble ing till afterwards how with it, how the dark- our sky. Mr. Periam

here," he said, "I miss

rn?" I asked, with a

never breaks her pro- a smile.
ps with a bouquet and Miss Rome, and passed

wers and French note- Rome's shrine?" I said.

Miss Rome could hard- hts a little haunted by mine of her, though I oman with whom I was It was not that she was y, but behind that there e in her nature; there thing not wholly noble then I am severe—no my friends as much for irtues. There are faults those which are base. ss Rome lacked the ring was annoyed that my to her.
ite gone out. I could ill leaning against the nt as only good friends ice swept out through ere we stood. A voice assionate longing in its

ak,
ones, oh, see!"
have been thrilled—Ned consent we all went in, parlor, to where at the ine, like an uncrowned queen, drooping, gloomy—her marble-like arm gleaming as she reached forward to strike a few deep chords on the piano keys for her accompaniment. She knew we came but did not heed us, singing on to the bitter end:

"But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me!"

There is always something touching in the glimpse of a soul where we had not suspected one. I was momentarily affected. The servant brought in lights. Pauline looked round at us like a hunted deer.

"Why did you come in to hear me?" she asked, "I am 'blue' to-night, and life does not seem good for much!"

"Life is good for a great deal when we remember what is coming after it, Pauline," said Mr. Periam, kindly, laying his hand upon her curls as he spoke. She caught the hand down, and kissed it; he drew it away at that. Ned stepped forward with ready sympathy in his eyes.

"Don't feel sad, Miss Pauline!" he said; "we don't want you to be so." She gave him a slow, sweet smile, and moving a little nearer, looked out (as if were from under his shadow) at me defiantly.

"And *you!* you don't care because my world's a bubble, and my doll is stuffed with sawdust?"

That was the way she spoiled her finest effects, always coming in with some little speech, which made me think her feelings were not touched after all. I thought her a consummate actress, but did not come any nearer telling her so than to say:

"I think you can manage the case very much better than I!"

She fairly turned her back on me then, and laying her hand on Ned's arm, with a remark that the air was stifling, lured him off for a promenade in the gardens; while I smoked a cigar with Mr. Periam, and listened to his unwearying talk about his absent daughter Elizabeth. But in my heart I was anxious about Ned; I had never been so in any of his former fancies or flirtations, somehow I had always felt they were not such as to harm his nature, his nobleness; but towards this woman I was merciless. Her very beauty was against her, there was something cloying in her sweetness, her clinging touch. And when she was really sad, her eyes had the look of a wounded animal's, touching, it is true, but it would never remind you of a sorrowing angel. I presumed to be her judge, her unjust judge, and I felt a kind of hatred of her growing in my heart.

They came in at last, one end of Pauline's shawl wet and soiled, where she had let it trail on the ground; some slight carelessness always marked her. Her cheeks glowed with carnation, and her eyes looked up at Ned like stars. She had brought in an arm full of boughs, loaded with sweet pink peach blossoms, and throwing them down on a chair, she buried her face in them for a moment.

"Aren't they splendid?" she said then; "Guardy, you see I've been nipping your peaches in the bud."

"I see you are guilty! What shall I do? For a punishment you shall have no peaches all summer!"

"No peaches!" she exclaimed, opening her blue eyes wide, "not have my peaches with sugar and cream?"

"I conclude you like fruit," I said.

"Ah, yes! Sweet, rich fruit! I love to eat it, to enjoy it, to stain my hands and lips with it—sunny peaches, great purple and golden clusters of grapes, juicy pears, and unspeakable pine-apples! I would love to *be* such fruit myself!"

"Just like her!" I thought—"in her metempsychosis she will be something of the kind." Ned looked at her with a steady admiration in his eyes; he was plainly for the time a victim to the beautiful lady so like a rhododendron blossom.

That night he proposed to me to lengthen our visit, but as he would give no reason, I refused decidedly. I would not have stayed longer for a kingdom, so the next morning we departed. Mr. Periam and Pauline, who seemed very quiet, accompanied us to the steps. As we passed the open parlor door, I saw lying in confusion the boughs of faded peach-blows, not so pleasantly fragrant as last night, I fancy.

Our home lay several miles away. Once there, we rambled over the old rooms, and the long-remembered grounds, with boyish delight. We planned few improvements, but many restorations, and promised ourselves long, happy days together there, studying and working with some definite ambition, and in perfect friendship. But before the week passed, Ned went away, staying a day and night; and in another week he went again.

When pressed, he did not deny that he had visited at Mr. Periam's for the sake of Pauline Rome.

"And I love her, too," he said, with unwonted firmness in his handsome face. "This is the one love of my life. I cannot live away from her. I shall ask her to be my wife!"

I looked at him in dismay. I had not dreamed it would go so far as this. My Ned to be bound for life to that Pauline, who would inevitably chain his soul down, and keep him all his days like a fly caught in honey! And to have her in our home, its mistress, that was unbearable! I told Ned so; and told him moreover, that she was incapable of real, intense, self-sacrificing love, that she was impulsive and fickle, and that I had no doubt she had been engaged a dozen times, her manner showed so much reckless experience.

Ned's eyes flamed then, he was furious; he used fierce, indignant language to me for the first time in his life, and declared that he would ask Miss Rome the very next day to marry him. I would not yield, but I said no more, and he thought me vanquished, I suppose; for the anger died suddenly out of his face, and throwing his arm about me in the old accustomed way, he said,

"Never mind, Dane, you'll know her better before long! You're too choice of me, that's all; but indeed, Dane, she is my only hope of happiness!"

And so he left me. I sat for an hour thinking; and then my resolve was fixed. I would interfere to save Ned. The means might not be justifiable, but they would be sure, and I should regain my friend with his pure soul uncntrapped. I felt convinced that Pauline was light and trifling, *au fait* in romances, and perfectly heartless—though her warm and excitable temperament would mask that for awhile. She would probably accept Ned—she would not cast away the prize of an honest heart and a home of luxury; not unless some stronger influence swayed her otherwise. I determined to be that influence, to draw her attention to myself, to show Ned how easily she could be moulded, and by teaching him to despise her, win him back to myself and to safety. For my own part I knew I was invulnerable. I had no fears on that score. So I determined to lower myself for the moment, to do what I hated the thought of doing, to make an effort to please Pauline Rome, that I might save my friend from her.

CHAPTER III.

The next day, to Ned's surprise, I proposed to accompany him to Mr. Periam's. We drove over in the morning, laughing and talking gayly together, each avoiding the subject of the day before. When we reached Mr. Periam's house, we found that his daughter Elizabeth had returned the previous day; and now the young ladies, with some friends, were getting ready for a riding party. There was a dearth of gentlemen, and our arrival was hailed with acclamations. A tall pale girl, habited in black, stood in the doorway; it was Miss Periam; her father introduced me as I hastened up, and she gave me a slight but friendly bow. In courtesy I should have stopped to speak with her a moment; but excusing myself, I passed quickly into the parlor, hoping to secure Pauline for the ride, before Ned, as otherwise he would have a chance to make his offer of marriage immediately.

I found her at a table; she wore a dress of wine color; she was trying to button the gauntlet on her wrist, but it slipped from her.

"Let me fasten it," I said; and the little hand lay readily in mine. The gauntlet was managed in a moment. Then I said,

"May I be selfish, Miss Pauline, and monopolize you for the ride?"

She looked at me in utter surprise. The pink dahlia color mounted into her cheeks.

"I thought you disliked me," she said, frankly.

I was nonplussed. I found I must dissimulate at once.

"You have not known me," I replied, "let us become acquainted now."

"With all my heart; it is just what I wanted." And a coquettish light dawned in her eyes.

Ned came up breathless to claim her; he had been searching everywhere else for her. She looked pleasantly in his face, and said,

"You're too late, Ned; another cavalier was in attendance before you."

Ned glanced at me a little curiously, and went away disappointed. We all went out to mount together. I saw Miss Periam spring into her saddle with a neatness which showed her thorough knowledge of the position, and she easily held her spirited horse in check, as she waited for the rest.

Miss Periam was slender and exquisitely formed; there was a haughtiness in the poise of her head, which her clear-cut profile did not contradict. But I had time for only a glance just then, as Pauline kept me very busy getting her mounted, arranging her dress, and supplying her with whip and reins. At last we were off. Pauline was a timid rider, and we fell somewhat behind the rest. It was my cue to humor her, to please her; so I made myself as entertaining as possible in all sorts of trifling ways, and showed a constant deference to her which could not fail to attract. I rebelled against it, I despised myself; but the sight of Ned in advance, looking round at us now and then enviously, put hardness into my heart. At one time in the ride, Pauline spoke of Miss Periam.

"She is splendid," she said, "but we don't seem to get on together marvellously well. She is just as kind as kind can be; but she don't seem to care much about talking with me. She never tells me any secrets!"

"Hurra for Miss Periam!" I ejaculated inwardly.

"And so you know I don't really like her. We are of different styles," added Pauline, with an assumption of stateliness. "Besides she is a 'blue,' reads Greek and German, and converses in Latin, which is very disagreeable to one who knows nothing. I am not even up in my grammar and arithmetic!" And she looked up at me as if she thought her ignorance a charm. I became interested in Miss Periam. She had a superior mind then, to be some excuse for the pride in her face. But Pauline would not say another word about her, and half petulantly turned the subject.

"My saddle is slipping!" she exclaimed, "I know it is not fastened properly."

So she had to dismount, while I regirded the saddle. She waited by the side of the road, leaning indolently against a wall; there was a sort of Eastern languor about all her attitudes. As she came back at my call, she said carelessly,

"There! I've trodden an ant-hill down! I'm always doing mischief. Dane, you had better beware of me!"

"If you are dangerous, I shall learn to be rash," I said, gallantly.

"Whip my horse, then, and make him go faster. I'm tired of this inane trot. See how far ahead they all are."

So we put our horses to a gallop; but Pauline held tight to the saddle all the time, in terror at her own ambition. We finally reached the little grove where we were to dismount. A stroll was proposed, and as we mingled and re-formed in groups, I was unavoidably separated from Pauline, and found myself next to Miss Periam.

What purity and clearness there was in every outline of her face, and every movement and position showed an innate nobleness. While in her company, one felt an ever-growing impatience at the worldliness and selfishness which made so many unlike her. She looked round at me with a bright smile, and said,

"What an air this is, Mr. Hawes. It makes one's pulses beat to the time of old war-melodies!"

It was her ringing voice more than the air which made mine beat, as I answered,

"It is like the goldenest of nectar, with all this sunshine in it."

"Ah, see that bird!" she exclaimed, "how straight up to the sun he flies. I wish we could climb up the sky after him."

"By the ladder of the angels?" I asked; but before I could watch for her answer, my mind was disturbed by seeing Ned and Pauline wandering apart from the rest, towards a tall rock. They must not be alone together yet! So I suddenly proposed that we should take that path.

"You wish to join your cousin and Pauline," she said, as if it were the most natural thing in the world. That annoyed me a little, for I did not wish her to think that I valued her company so lightly. But of course I could not explain. As we came up with them, with the easiest grace imaginable, she walked along with Ned, and left Pauline to me.

Pauline had been quarrelling a little with Ned. That she confided to me very soon. I was no peace-maker. I only laughed lightly, and exclaimed at Ned's fickleness.

"Is he fickle?" asked Pauline, "I thought he at least was true!"

Her tone startled me. Could it be that this girl's heart was really interested in Ned! I must avert that. So I grew yet more delicately attentive, and then watched to see if she were glancing at him, or missing him. She was not, to my satisfaction. When we started for home, I took my place at her side again, unheeding Ned's gloomy look. It was not pleasant work to me, except that sometimes I was slightly interested in some new phase of Pauline's character. But a character so redundant, so warm, so yielding, was not to my taste. I admire a classic style. I like a nature simple and pure, in which one may find shrines to worship at.

Mr. Periam, with earnest hospitality, urged the company to remain at his house for supper, and for a sociable evening afterwards. They all consented. The evening was agreeable enough, with lively sallies of conversation, brilliant repartees, sparkles of wit, and a universal mingling of nonsense such as is usual. Finally music was proposed, and a lady was led to the piano. She played fairly. I was standing by Miss Periam at the time, and she was telling me about a sonata of Beethoven, when I became aware that the music had ceased, that some one had asked Pauline Rome to sing, and that Ned was disentangling himself from a group, as if to take her to the piano. I had so wrought up my mind to anticipate him on every possible occasion, that I did so now instinctively, though it was ridiculous to fear a proposal on the way to a piano! She sang a little song about a bird, I believe, the refrain was

"Sweet-heart! Sweet-heart!"

And Pauline let her blue eyes wander saucily around on all the faces within range. Poor butterfly! she was very happy that evening, her red lips were constantly wreathed in smiles, and after she had finished her song, her hands still wandered dreamily over the keys.

"*La belle Rome* surpasses herself," said a voice at my elbow, and turning I saw Lieut. Brandon, a wild young fellow, whose eyes shone strangely to-night, and whom I had seen Pauline greet with the utmost coldness an hour before.

"See the rich point lace about her neck," he added; "what a pity there should be that rent in it! But that's *la belle Rome*, no magnificence about her that has not a flaw!"

"Ah, have you found it so?" I asked, carelessly.

"I'm but one among many!" he said with a defiant recklessness. "She was engaged to me once for ten days, then sent me adrift. You're smitten, too, I see. I give you ten days, and then the infatuation will be over."

I looked at Pauline with greater scorn than ever, while she rose at last slowly, and swept her rich silk away from the piano. She glanced at me as she did so to see if I would follow, but I did not, for Ned stopped me.

"Dane," he said, threateningly, "keep out of my way for half an hour. I want an explanation with Pauline."

"Ned," I asserted, "she does not care *that* for you!" and I snapped my fingers.

"Prove it," he demanded.

What insanity possessed me? What fiend put the thought into my brain?

"I will," I said, "just step into the library and I conceal yourself behind the curtains. You shall hear in a few minutes what will satisfy you."

Half mad with jealousy and impatience, he did so, my Ned! who never played eaves-dropper before in his life. And I presently invited Miss Rome to promenade. We soon found our way into the library, and as she sank luxuriously down upon a velvet fauteuil, I stood with folded arms rather nervously preparing for the denouement. But Pauline took the initiative.

"This is a rare moonless night," she said—"so rich and dark. I like it. It is a night for love-making. I think I could say yes to any one who had the grace to choose such an hour for the asking."

"That is a tempting statement."

"Indeed!" she said, with a conscious look in her eyes.

"Pauline," I asked gravely, "do you love any one?"

"And if I do?" she said mockingly, "or if I do not, what is that to you?"

"Do you love *me*?" I asked again.

I never can forgive myself that question! A wild light flamed up in her face.

"Rather do you love me?" she demanded.

The curtain shook behind us as I hesitated.

"I love you!" I said desperately, and thought to myself how many men the wide world over had uttered that same falsehood before me, but I had never dreamed I should be one of them. But it was the crisis of my stratagem—now or never should I succeed and save Ned.

She caught my hand to her lips and kissed it. Soft clinging touch—soft, clinging, passionate kisses! And I, who did not love her, stood there passive. The words I had spoken forbade retreat. Then she looked up in my face, her passionate eyes sought mine.

"Do you know what it means," she said, "when a woman can hold your hand thus? Ah! I hope you never knew before! It means that she loves you—*loves* you. Do you comprehend?"

Aye, I comprehended and was stunned by the revelation. It was not exactly like the practiced flirting I had anticipated.

"We must not stay here," I said in confusion.

"No—they will notice too much. I do not want them prying into my happiness. I love you, Dane! How sweet and sudden it is!"

I felt abject, and beside myself. I muttered something, I know not what, but she went on in implicit confidence:

"Do not let us tell any one yet. They would wonder so, they could not understand. Ah! I see you know nothing about such matters! Let me manage it," she said archly.

So we returned to the parlor, and Pauline, leaving me, went and stood quietly by Mr. Periam. She was my Pauline now—that was strange to think of.

Ned was nowhere to be seen. Elizabeth Periam sat at the piano playing. That was music indeed! It swept one's soul away in an ecstacy. I felt as if treading the aisles of some grand old cathedral with "dim religious light." For a moment I forgot Pauline and my duplicity. I realized how brave and victorious a man may be in this life-battle of ours. And Miss Periam who sat so calmly playing, she realized it too, I knew. A girl who had that within her which could so interpret music, might be pardoned for being cold and statuesque sometimes to the outer world, as it dashed its vanities and trifles up against her life, like the ineffectual fretting of the waves upon a coast of stern and silent rock. I loved to watch her face, so still, so proud, and yet as I could detect, with such inexpressible sweetness hidden there. I felt a great respect and admiration of her growing up in my heart. Still she played on, and wandered off into an exquisite andante of Spohr's. At its end she rose, and quietly receiving the compliments of those who crowded about her, moved away to mingle with the rest of the company.

Some one was talking learnedly about gums and concretions, and mentioned amber as the treasure of the whole. Sunny, golden amber he called it.

Miss Periam was interested.

"But sometimes," she said, "it is so richly stained, that is is darkly red or even almost black."

The gentleman politely differed.

"True amber is gold-color," he insisted. "Is any one here the lucky possessor of amber?" he asked, looking round.

Two or three meerschaums with dainty mouth pieces, were produced. They were indeed gold-color.

"Ah, if you could see the bracelet I have seen!" exclaimed Miss Periam, "all threaded and veined with red and black; that was indeed the wealth of centuries of trees! But I only saw it once, and that when a child."

"Oh, it was a myth!" said the gentleman, lightly.

But from my pocket I produced the wonderful bracelet found in boyhood, which I had put there that very morning, carelessly intending to interest Mr. Periam in the history thereof.

"Is this the myth?" I asked, in jest.

Miss Periam bent curiously to examine it.

"It is the same!" she said, with surprise.

Pauline, whom I had quite forgotten, sprang to my side, her indolent blue eyes wide open now, and ablaze with excitement.

"Give it to me!" she exclaimed, snatching at the bauble. "Guardian, see, is it not my mother's?"

And searching for some hidden spring, the heart-shaped carbuncle lifted, and disclosed beneath, an innocent little baby-face, rarely beautiful.

"Ah, it is mine, it is mine! the pure little face!" she said; and then the tears rushing to her eyes, she murmured, "oh, mother, dear, if you had lived, I might be now more like that pure little face!"

Every one was touched.

"The bracelet is yours, by right," I said; "keep it now, Pauline."

"And to think, Dane, that *you* should have found it!"

Here Mr. Periam interposed; and while all were thronging round to see, he led me away to the library, which to me was so fateful a room. And there, with a grave, sad face, he inquired of all I could remember about that night of terror. Then he told me how Pauline's mother had one night disappeared from her home, and never came to it again; how no reason could be given, though some suspected there had been harsh treatment from her husband; but he allowed it to be understood that she had eloped from him; and their child was simply told that she was dead. So a cloud of doubt and darkness had shrouded poor Mrs. Rome's name; till now it was never mentioned.

"She was like Pauline," he said, with a sigh, "beautiful, flighty, erratic! Misplaced love wrecked her name and fame. Heaven grant it may not so wreck Pauline. Poor Pauline! She will hardly win a really noble man's love—and yet such a love, generous and unquestioning, would be a very salvation to her."

Such a love I had deprived her of! But the child of a defaulter and of a suicide, with all their faults in her, latent or manifest, was not the bride for my Ned! And I had saved him. I knew the spell was forever broken when he heard those words in the library.

We went back to the company. Lieutenant Brandon sought me out.

"I see you are entrapped still," he said, "but tell me—has *la belle Rome* ever sent you so winsome a billet as this?"

And he laid a much soiled note in my hands. Thoughtlessly I read it.

"My Own Love—I have nothing to say but the old, old story, 'I love you!' Nothing but that,—and this: Meet me at seven o'clock, by the great pine tree. PAULINE."

I felt furiously indignant at this wretch of a man.

"You're a mean fellow!" I said, as I tore it in pieces. "Mean and cowardly, to show a lady's correspondence!"

He flushed hotly, then grew very white, and muttered something about demanding an apology, but I noticed he did not state it in very definite terms, and I turned haughtily away.

The company began to disperse. I concluded Ned had gone home, and I felt too anxious about him to accept Mr. Periam's proffered hospitality, so I bade good-night to the fine old gentleman, and to his Queen Bess, with her cold, pure face. Pauline was not to be seen; but at the garden gate she awaited me, her dress all damp with the dew of the honeysuckles.

"Kiss me once!" she said, pleadingly.

And bending over her, I just touched those lips which had no sacredness for me.

CHAPTER IV.

I had saved Ned! The next thing was to save myself! That I had not thought of—and there was a difference in the difficulty. There was no fascination to struggle against; the question was, how far a nice sense of honor would bind me to this girl. There had been no such acquaintance or friendship between us, as could make her at all deeply attached to me. It seemed to me that with her knowledge of the world, and her experience in the affairs of the heart, that she would be the last one to trust much to my sudden declaration of love the evening before. I had intended it to be so. I felt sure it was so. But I did not like to think that I was about to give her cause to esteem me yet more low than I esteemed her! I had meant to be so irreproachable in life, so noble in aim and action; and if ever I loved, to love right royally. And now this stain on my honor! Oh, Ned, for your welfare I paid a terrible price.

And Ned! How did he look upon all this? Very pale and stern was his face when we met the next morning; and when I would have laid my hand on his shoulder, in the old way, he put it from him, not roughly, but with determination.

"No, Dane!" he said, "it can never be the same with us again. Do you want me to congratulate you on winning the prize I have lost? I cannot blame you for loving her—you could not help that; but was it fair to deceive me, and steal the march on me so, when I loved her first, and trusted you?"

So that was the way
said, lightly, to test him,
"Suppose I did not me
and only told her so th
effect and know she did
He sprang up fiercely w
immediately controlled hi
"No, Dane," he said,
veil it so. You have been
as that you never could b
trifle with Pauline's heart
though he were a thousa
should hate him forever!
kill him!"
Time would teach Ne
differently, I thought. A
"At least, you know n
for you?"
"Of course I know it
"Oh, you need not be
never urge my love upon
not be traitor to a friend."
His words stung me—
my position stung deeper
whether it were well or
show; and now I must
this hypocrisy and beco
more. Whatever my en
Pauline, they should be ca
her it would be only one
me it would be a lesson fo
So after breakfast I rod
again, exulting in the tho
more would make me free
the gate, and going up th
Elizabeth Periam sitting
reading. She looked so
white dress, that forgett
called out, laughing,
"Are you a great whit
on the grass?"
She raised her head slo
who it was, smiled bright
her hand very gracefully.
resume her seat again; an
on the ground by her side
pier hour in my life th
so noble and gracious, b
yet so shy and sweet whe
friend, the suddenly rese
motion, and yet the pe
presence possessed a cha
never felt before in my
her conversation, perhaps
but with something so tr
whole tone, that I experien
a kind of repose, in listen
under the apple-tree we
and the thought of her g
into my heart; and I foo
to myself, "It is she at l
dreams!"
Suddenly, through th
stole down through the g
voice, singing that heart-
Late!" Pauline's voice!
thing and sprang to my f
dreaming? I had no ri
tain words had been said
rapidly towards the hous
ed at a little distance.
Pauline's voice never
before; low and grieved,
fell on the air word aft
tear—

"Late, late, so late! and
chill!
Late, late, so late! but w
Too late, too late! ye ca

"No light had we: for t
And learning this, the b
Too late, too late! ye ca

"No light: so late! an
night.
Oh, let us in, that we m
Too late, too late! ye ca

"Have we not heard
sweet?
Oh, let us in, though lat
No, no, too late! ye can

"Ah! if her soul w
singing," I thought, "
need to save Ned!"
I stood at the low win
There she sat, lavishly
the rhododendron flush
brooding light in her ey
nium blossoms lay fadin
"Pauline!" I said.
She started, saw me,
ing the geraniums dow
twining her arms about
"Ah! *mio sposo pr*
dreaming you would co
I hated the touch o
put her from me gentl
saw a grave surprise se
Periam's face. She
leave the spot, while Pa
out:
"There, now, Elizabe
secret. Pray, don't pub
"Pauline," I said, "l
where we can be alone.
important to say to you
"And so have I, too,
taut to say to you," she
the way. "Ah! happy
as she sank down agai
teuil. I took a chair b
"Pauline!" I began,
"No, let me speak
"I have so much to s
speak first! You must
I am the lady and you
"I will give up to y
lady," I said.
"How cold and stern
Dane, I believe it is the
you. Cold and stern
rock of defence to me."
"What did you have
"This! and this!" a
to her face, and howe
them. "There, Dane, l
while, while I talk to
your eyes just yet—not
I had to look down o
curls like vine-tendrils.
ner of her cheek, whic
deeper pink as she wen
"Dane, I want to te
I think you understand
seen it in your face: bu
have been perfectly hon
have given me the gre
have not been a true
I learned worldliness so
died, and could not kee
sad to be left all alone,

he took it! Then I

an what I said, Ned—
st you might see the
not care for you?"
then he heard that, but
mself.
coldly, "do not try to
ungenerous, but base
e. If any man were to
in the way you hint,
nd times my friend, I
Dane afraid I should

t to view his escape
presents I only asked,
ow she does not care

!" he said, bitterly.
raid, Dane; I shall
Pauline now! I could

-but the falseness of
My end was won;
ill done, thine would
make my way out of
me a true man once
gagements were with
ncelled at once. With
flirtation more; with
or life.
e over to Mr. Periam's
ught that a few hours
! I left my horse at
rough the avenue, saw
under an apple tree,
pretty and cool in her
ing her queenliness, I

e apple-blossom fallen

wly at that, but seeing
ly, and rising, gave me
But I begged her to
nd I threw myself down
. I never spent a hap-
an that! Her nature
her manner so proud,
n she recognized a real
rve in every word and
rfect frankness! Her
rm for me that I had
whole life. And then
s not gay and brilliant,
ue and thorough in its
ced great pleasure, and
ing to her words. So
lingered, and talked—
rew deeper and deeper
nd myself whispering
ast, the maiden of my

e open windows there
garden-walk, a sad, low
breaking melody, "Too
I remembered every-
fest. What had I been
ght to dream until cer-
to Pauline. I walked
e. Miss Periam follow-

sounded so beautiful
mournfully sweet, there
er word like tear after

l dark the night and

ve can enter still.
annot enter now.

hat we do repent;
ridegroom will relent.
annot enter now.

d dark, and chill the

ay find the light!
annot enter now.

the bridegroom is so

s, to kiss his feet!
not enter now."

ere as beautiful as her
I should have had no

dow looking in at her,
lovely as always, with
in her cheeks, and the
se. Some scarlet gera-
g in her lap.

nd sprang to me, tread-
n upon the floor, and
me, said:
confesso! I have been
be!"
the clinging arms. I
y, and looking around,
ttling down upon Miss
urned immediately to
uline, seeing her, called

th, you know our little
olish it."
et us go into the library,
I have something very
"
something very impor-
answered gayly, leading
seat!" she murmured
n upon the velvet fau-
eside her.

first," she interrupted.
ay. Ah! please let me
t give up to me because
are the lover."
ou because you are the

you are to me! But,
very reason why I love
and true, you will be a

to say, Pauline?"
nd she caught my hands
d her head down over
et me stay so just a little
you. I cannot look at
till I have finished."
e the graceful head with
I could see a little cor-
h flushed a deeper and
t on.
ll you all about myself.
me pretty well. I have
s yet I want to feel that I
est with you, because you
at gift of your love. I
nd noble woman, Dane.
e early. And my mother
p me safe. Was it not
Dane?"

"Yes," I murmured.

She held my hands tighter.

"And people flattered me, and said they loved me. I believed it—it was so pleasant to be loved. I was engaged too, Dane—engaged when I was sixteen; but he was poor, and father sent him away. Then I grew reckless, and flirted with every one; and, Dane, I have been engaged a great many times without being really in love, only each time I would think perhaps it was love, till by-and-by everything would go wrong and part us. I feel how sternly you are looking down at me, Dane, but I think you are pitying me too, for your poor little Pauline was not hedged into a garden, and made to grow sweet and pure; she was a pasture-flower, and no one really cared for her. Are you not pitying me, Dane?"

"Yes, Pauline."

"I ought to have kept myself apart from the worldliness and deceit, I suppose, and have lived nobly, but I was so young at first, and no one taught me. Every one made sport of poor Pauline. And then I came here again, and you came. As soon as you spoke to me, I felt how different you were from all I had known, and I seemed to realize how peerless, and stately, and pure in heart, the lady must be whom you would love. I felt thrust off at a distance from you, and yet I worshipped you for your loftiness of purpose and your truth. But I never, never dreamed you could love me. Then your cousin grew so kind to me, I think he began to love me. I saw how honest and generous he was, how faithful he would be, and, Dane, if you had not taken me yourself, I should have loved him. And I would have made him a true wife too, and grown noble for his sake. But, Dane, he is not like you. He would have believed me perfect all the while, and I might have felt uneasy, as if I wronged him somehow. But you understand me wholly, and yet you love me. Ah! my great one, you stoop down from your height to lift your poor Pauline. Dane, it transforms me! Some day I shall indeed be the lady, stately, peerless, and pure in heart."

Here a sob broke her words.

"No, no—it cannot be! I am but the poor wild flower after all. You will have to bear with so much, Dane; you will have to help me. I shall watch all the time, and yet I shall say and do so many things to displease you, without ever knowing it, perhaps. Will it be hard on you, dear? You will know that I mean right all the time, and then, you love me! That means so much when you say it. If I did not know that, I could not tell you all these things, Dane. I think you are the best man God ever made!"

There she stopped, still holding my hands to her face, so that I felt the flaming of her cheeks, and the tears. In utter abasement, grief, and confusion, I sat there, involuntarily freeing one hand with a kindly impulse to lay it on the poor bowed head. The little caress satisfied her. By and-by she looked up.

"Now what was it you had to tell me, Dane?"

"Never mind to-day," I said with indecision. "Another time will do. Perhaps I will write, or I will come to see you soon again. I must go now. God bless you, Pauline!"

And so I left her, still sitting there in her love and her humility.

Not the next day, nor the next, did I visit Pauline again, or write the letter. What could I do? At some moments I thought I must become insane, and yet there is always some right way out of every perplexity that can assail the soul of man. But I saw despair on every hand; I had saved Ned, but he was lost forever to me, my Ned! He thought me ungenerous and treacherous, and he would always think so. Pauline trusted me, but if I told her the truth, what could she deem me? I seemed to be her one great help to a better life; if I failed her, it might be the blighting of her whole nature, and God would lay her soul to my charge! If I did not fail her, O, how could I live a life abhorrent to me, mask all my feelings, and be kind and considerate to her whom I did not love! I deserved to lose my happiness, but how could I go on sinning against my soul? Oh! Elizabeth! Elizabeth Periam, how at that moment I thought upon her whom I could have loved eternally, but at least I had not won her heart, and she was safe from all this horrible problem! But oh! from what an Eden of bliss should I shut myself out, when I made it wrong for me even to dream of Elizabeth Periam! Yet Pauline! poor struggling soul, could I desert her?

[NOTE BY THE EDITOR OF THE POST.—This is all of this very finely conceived and written story, as the writer sends it to us. But of course we, and readers generally, want to hear more. We therefore have asked for and been promised a SEQUEL by the author. In a few weeks it will be ready; and our readers will be able to learn whether or not this tangled web was ever made straight and smooth.]

A Word on Clocks.

Ingenious men of all ages, from Archimedes, two hundred years B. C., to Wallingford, at the commencement of the fourteenth century, have been cited as inventors of the clock. The fact is, that the clock, like almost every other useful implement, gradually *grew* to perfection; one man suggested the wheel-work; another the weight for maintaining or driving power; another the balance for regulating the expenditure of that power; another the dials and hands; another the striking parts, and so on; and at last one man combined all together in one machine, and gained the credit of making the first clock. This man appears to be one Henry de Wick, or de Vick, who placed a clock in the tower of the palace of Charles the Fifth about the year 1364: which clock is the most ancient of which there exists any particular description. The principles upon which it was constructed were essentially the same as those of the clocks of the present day; that is, there was a moving power and a regulating power. The moving power was a weight hung to a cord, wound round a barrel; the unwinding of which, by the fall of the weight, gave motion to a train of wheels that moved the hands around the dial. The regulating power was a balance-wheel, springing backwards and forwards after the manner of the watch balance, so familiar to us all.—*The Shilling Magazine.*

A STUPID author went one morning to the house of Rulhieres, in order to read two tales of his own composition. After having heard the first, and before the author could take the second sheet out of his pocket, Rulhieres said to him, "I like the other best."

☞ Edwin Booth, it is authoritatively stated, will re-appear on the stage this winter.

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A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

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☞ In consequence of illegible writing, printers sometimes sadly pervert the author's meaning. A very popular authoress, speaking of her heroine as "enjoying more indulgencies than usually fall to the lot of her sex," wrote the sentence so badly that it appeared as "usually fell to the lot of horses."

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oct14-3m

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THE MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—The Flour market has been excited. Sales comprise about 22,000 bbls., in lots, mostly to the trade, at $7,25@8 for superfine, $8,25@9,25 for extras; $9,25@10 for North-Western extra family; $10,25@11,50 for Pennsylvania and Western do, and $12 a 13 ℔ bbl for fancy brands. Rye Flour is selling at $6,25 ℔ bbl.

GRAIN.—The market for Wheat, like Flour, has been excited. About 60,000 bushels found buyers at $1,60@2,35 for common to prime new reds, $2,40@2,43 for old do, and $2,60@2,75 for white. Rye is selling at 98c@$1 for Southern, and $1,05@1,08 for Pennsylvania. Corn—Sales of 25,000 bus are reported at 94c@$1 for yellow, and 93@96c for white. Oats—30,000 bus sold at 52@57c.

PROVISIONS.—The stocks of all kinds are very much reduced. Sales of Mess Pork at $35½@36½, and Mess Beef at $14@16 ℔ bbl, the latter for extra western. Bacon—Sales Hams at 27@31c, and Shoulders at 19½@20c. Green Meats—Sales Shoulders at 18½@19c. Lard is selling at 29@30c ℔ ℔ for western tierces. Butter is selling at 30 to 40c for fair to good and choice packed. Cheese is worth 16½@17½c for western and New York state. Eggs are selling at 27@28c ℔ dozen.

COTTON.—About 3000 bales have been disposed of at 35 to 38c for ordinary to good middling quality.

BARK.—Sales of 120 hhds 1st No 1 Quercitron are reported at $31@50 ℔ ton. No change in Tanners' Bark.

BEESWAX is selling at 30@31c ℔ ℔.

COAL.—The market is excited, and 50c@$1 ℔ ton higher; ranging at $10,50@11,50, on board at Richmond.

COFFEE is firmer; ranging at 20@22c, gold, for Rio.

FEATHERS.—Demand moderate, at 95c@$1 ℔ ℔.

FRUIT.—The sales are confined to Green Apples, which are selling at $4@7 ℔ bbl. Cranberries bring $11@14 ℔ bbl.

HAY is selling at $18@30 ℔ ton.

HOPS are selling at 40 and 60c for prime old and new crop.

IRON.—The market is very active. Sales Pig Metal at $44@50 for Forge and Foundry.

LUMBER.—Sales of White Pine at $27@29; Yellow Sap, $24@25; Lehigh Hemlock, $20, and Rafted do at $15. Laths are quoted at $3@3,25 ℔ M.

MOLASSES.—The week's sales reach 1,300 hhds at 59c for north side Cuba, and 59@60c for Muscovado.

NAVAL STORES are without much change. Spirits Turpentine is selling at $1,10@1,12 ℔ gal. Rosin at $8@15, and North Carolina Tar at $9 ℔ bbl. Nothing doing in Pitch.

OILS.—Petroleum—Sales of 12,000 bbls refined, in bond, at 62@64c. Crude is nominal at 30@40c.

PLASTER.—Sales Windsor at $3,40 ℔ ton.

RICE.—Sales at 9½@10c for Rangoon, and 12@12½c for Carolina.

SEEDS.—There is very little Cloverseed offering; sales at $7,50@8,25 ℔ bus. Timothy is dull at $3,75@4,50. Flaxseed is steady at $3,50 ℔ bus.

SPIRITS.—N. E. Rum is selling at 240@245c. Whiskey is dull at 23c for Pennsylvania and Western bbls.

SUGARS are active; sales of 2000 hhds, mostly Cuba, part at 9½@10c, gold, and part at 13½@13¾c, currency, including Porto Rico at 14½c@15c, currency.

TALLOW is unsettled, at 15@15½c for rendered.

WOOL.—There is a fair demand for fine fleece. Sales 350,000 lbs at 68@75c for common and fine, and 69@75 for tub. Yarns are selling at 110@120c ℔ ℔.

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MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 11th of Sept., by the Rev. J. F. Chaplain, Mr. RICHARD J. EASTWICK to Miss FRANCIS HINCHMAN.

On the 23d of Sept., by the Rev. John Thompson, JOHN H. HURST, of this city, to FANNIE H. BILLS, of Cincinnati.

On the 1st instant, by the Rev. John Chambers, Mr. THOMAS HELLERMAN to Miss LIZZIE HAGUE, both of this city.

On the 29th of Sept., by the Rev. Wm. Cathcart, Mr. GRANVILLE S. WHITE to Miss SARAH A. HART, both of this city.

On the 7th of Sept., by the Rev. W. J. Mann, D. D., HENRY POUZETTE, Esq., of Abaillo, Department Seine, France, to Miss ERNESTINE DIETERLEN, of Philada., Pa.

On the 25th of May, by the Rev. J. H. Kennard, Mr. THOMAS J. THOMPSON to Miss ANNIE CRAMER, both of this city.

On the 2d instant, by the Rev. W. T. Eva, Mr. JOEL R. JAMES to Miss CLARA E. LINCOLN, both of Fieldsboro', N. J.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 3d instant, GEORGE D. MURDOCK, aged 73 years.

On the 3d instant, SAMUEL H. FISHER, in his 68th year.

On the 3d instant, Mrs. MARGARET CUMMINS, in her 63d year.

On the 2d instant, GEORGE W. NEWTON, in his 39th year.

On the 2d instant, JOHN BRADBURY, late of Co. I, Fifth P. V. Cavalry.

On the 2d instant, Miss MARTHA S. BLAIR, in her 30th year.

On the 1st instant, GEORGE F. BENCKERT, a member of 71h reg't, Hancock's Corps, Co. A, aged 33.

On the 1st instant, CATHARINE HALL, in her 84th year.

On the 30th of Sept., JAMES MEADOWS, in his 97th year.

On the 30th of Sept., WILLIAM FROST, in his 63d year.

On 2d-day morning, LAVINIA C., widow of the late Caleb Maule, in her 76th year.

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Machines furnished as
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Pocket Timekeeper for
y beautiful, unique, and
structed entirely on the
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Time with absolute cer-
sion. More truthful than
te timekeepers of modern
be wrong; requires no
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duced into this country
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or silver gilt cases, only
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ctions for forming Clubs.

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LINES.—Daily except
ys.
Aug. 24th, 1865, from foot
ry.
30 A. M., Mail; 2:30 P.

d, 6 30 A. M., Mail, and

e., at 9:15 A. M., Mail,

30 and 9:15 A M., 2 30, 4

5 A. M., 2 30, 4 and 6 30

WILL LEAVE
ail; 5 P. M., Passenger.
A. M.; 6:58 P. M.
, Mail; 4:20 P. M., Pas-

Mail; 4:05 P. M., Passen-

nd 11 30 A. M.; 5 54 and

LAER, Superintendent
Cape May and Millville

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ed forward through other
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ed to them.
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865. sep16-tf

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nd for DESCRIPTIVE
Address Box 29.
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articulars mailed Free.
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oct7-24

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First invoice of GLORNEY MUSTARD, manufactured in the City of Dublin, Ireland, expressly for my sales, out of new seed. This Mustard ranks among the few articles of Irish manufacture that command a high place in the world—Dublin Poplin, Dublin Porter and Dublin Mustard have never been excelled. I quote from Mr. Glorney's letter: "We have fitted up twenty stamps additional, which we expect will be able to supply you, as it takes the whole mill machinery to supply the Irish, Scotch and English trade."

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Lingers on every glossy wave and riplet of her lovely hair.

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SEWING MACHINES,

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These Machines are now sold, with *valuable improvements*, at the following schedule of prices:—

No. 3 Machine, with

Plain Table,	$55
Half Case, Panelled, Oiled Walnut,	62
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	65

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Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	75
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Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	95
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers,	100
Full Case, Polished, Rosewood,	100

No. 1 Machine, with

Polished Table,	$75
Half Case, Oiled Walnut,	82
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	85
Half Case, Polished, Rosewood,	90
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	105
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers,	110
Full Case, Polished, Rosewood,	110

Every Machine is sold complete with a Hemmer. Nos. 1 and 2 Machines are sold with the new Glass Cloth-Presser, New-style Hemmer and Braider. No. 3 with the Old-style Hemmer.

☞ The number 3, plain table, (worth $55) of the above list, is the machine we are now offering as a Premium for The Lady's Friend and The Saturday Evening Post—*see Prospectus.* Any of the higher priced machines may be procured by sending us the difference in Cash.

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feb27-tf 109 Nassau street, New York City.

SEND 6 CENTS to Box 3346, St. Louis, Mo., for Our Sealed Circular. sep2-9t

WIT AND HUMOR.

THE WAY TO START A HACK.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Bob Dingle, Esq., bach., gent., etc., has been a fixture at the *Girard* ever since the Girard has been an *open* institution—indeed Bob has been so long a veteran of the establishment that if there is an *attache* inside, outside, or anywhere about the Girard, who is not familiar with the squeak of Bob's soles, or the rat-tat of his stick, two squares distant, it is because said *attache* has not been at the Girard long enough —not Bob.

One day Bob Dingle was standing on that end of the baloony next the entrance to the Girard, figuring furiously in his note book, and muttering to himself loud enough for several fellow Girard gents to hear him:

"Nine from thirty-seven, twenty-six. Three times twenty-six are sixty-eight—sixty-eight and fifty-one are one hundred and four. Yes, I guess I can afford to get it. I'll put in propositions, any way. No harm do—"

"Halloo, Dingle, what's the financiering?" interrupted lawyer B., "meditating a presentation parade horn, another new dress coat, or—?"

"No, not quite," interrupted Bob in turn. "I was going to offer a wager of a game supper and a basket of champagne with any gentleman present that I'll start off up the street as fast as the law allows, any one of that line of hacks, without saying a word to the driver or moving from this balcony."

"Good—I'll take that wager," said lawyer B. "And I!" put in Jim E. "And I!" echoed Sam T.

"Agreed gentlemen. Contribute. Make up the $100 among you. That'll cover the cloth for six of us, I reckon. And then ten extra for the driver, you know. Go in—here are my 'greenies.'"

"Bob laid $110 in the hands of Col. H., and looked quietly confident. The pile was covered by the confederates, and Bob said:

"Now, gentlemen, designate the hack that is to start."

B. named the last vehicle in the line down street, and the confederates acquiesced.

"Very well. All right, gentlemen."

Bob Dingle drew a card from his case, wrote on the back of it with his pencil, "Mike Flannigan, run up to 1607 Chesnut street. Drive like Jehu. B. D."

Bob looked over the balcony, and beckoned to a little blacking imp down under foot, dropped into his fist the card, with a fifty cent fractional fee, said, "Mike Flannigan." Blackie scooted, and in ten seconds Mike Flannigan's back was whirling away up Chestnut street like a crazy steamer driving in first to a big fire.

The confederates looked sold. Col. H. quietly passed over the stakes to Bob, who paid Mike Flannigan $10, pocketed $10, and paid for the game supper and the champagne with the balance.

SELLING AN AUCTIONEER.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Our handsome, gentlemanly, genial Major Frank M.—of course Frank is only commissioned an *auctioneer*, and is no more a Major militarily than he is Frank M. baptismally; but just bring up the handsomest hammer handler in this city of Philadelphia, wherever you meet the man, and say to him—"*Forty dollars advanced on forty thousand;*" and if he don't say—"Going—gone—*sold*, gentlemen—come into the St. James," we beg his pardon. He is not the Frank M. we mean.

The other day George W., whose smooth, round, jolly face every one who has been six times to the post office and three on change, remembers as well as they do *Dean's*, went driving into Frank's office all business, and sung out:

"Look a-here, old fellow, can you accommodate me with a small advance on a choice invoice of fancy dry goods that I want to get off my hands?"

"Yes, my dear fellow, certainly. But, thunder! I never knew that you had figured a cent in the dry goods line."

"Yes, a trifle, Frank. Been dabbling a trifle in that way these two years. Got stuck with a fancy lot, I'm afraid—*forty thousand dollars' worth.* Want you to get the invoice off for me at best rates. Shall I send round enough to cover the advance?"

"Pshaw—no. What the mischief are you talking about? How much do you want?"

"Oh, not much—*forty dollars* will serve my purpose to-day."

"Forty devils. Why, George, you're crazy, man. Here—call it $4,000."

"No I won't, Frank. I don't want it. Give me the $40, and to-morrow I'll drive the goods round, and take the $4,000, if you happen to have it convenient."

George went out with the forty dollars, and on the following day, punctual to appointment, he walked into Frank's office, and up to that gentleman's desk with the lovely, accomplished, and fascinating Mrs. W. on his arm.

"There, old fellow," said George, as grave as an owl, "there's the choicest invoice of fancy dry goods in this city, I know. Has cost me *forty thousand dollars*—and is worth fifty per cent. above that figure as the markets are."

George W. got several severe cuffs from his better half, and Frank, finding himself successfully sold, proposed a compromise.

"I say you unconscionable sharper, keep this sell to yourself, and the forty dollars to buy one of those *le bon ton* 'Empires' for Madam W."

George promised; but there was some one else in hearing that didn't, and Frank M. is an everyday sufferer from that dry goods sell.

GOOD INVESTMENT.—A gentleman saw a notice of valuable information sent to any address on the receipt of ten cents, and thought that he must have ten cents' worth more of knowledge. He sent his dime and received in answer the following: "Friend, for your ten cents, postage, &c., please find inclosed advice which may be of great value to you. As many persons are injured for weeks, months and years by the careless use of a knife, therefore my advice is, when you use a knife, always whittle from you."

WHEN mercenary legislators vote in favor of a bill with a view to put money in their own pockets, it cannot be averred that "there is no speculation in their *ayes!*"

AUNT ISABEL.—"Beatrix, will you have some bread-and-bu
BEATRIX—"No!"
AUNT ISABEL—"Is *that* the way to answer? No *what?*"
BEATRIX.—"No bread-and-butter!"

HOUSE-CLEANING.

"The melancholy days have come, the saddest of the year,"
Of cleaning paint and scrubbing floors, and scouring far and near;
Heaped in the corners of the room, the ancient dirt lay quiet,
And spiders wove their webs secure from fear, and din, and riot.
But now the carpets all are up, and from the staircase top
The mistress calls to man and maid to wield the broom and mop.

Where are those rooms, those quiet rooms, the house but now presented
Wherein we dwelt, nor dreamed of dirt, so cosy and contented?
Alas! they're turned all upside down, that quiet suite of rooms,
With slops, and suds, and soap, and sand, and tubs, and pails, and brooms;
Chairs, tables, stands are standing round at sixes and at sevens,
While wife and housemaids fly about like meteors in the heavens.

The parlor and the chamber floor were cleaned a week ago,
The carpets shook and windows washed, as all the neighbors know;
But still the *sanctum* had escaped—the table piled with books,
Pens, ink, and paper, all about, peace in its very looks—
Till fell the women on them all, as falls the plague on men,
And then they vanished all away—books, papers, ink, and pen.

And now, when comes the master home, as come he must of nights,
To find all things are "set to wrongs" that they have "set to rights!"
When the sound of driving tacks is heard, though the house is far from still,
And the carpet woman on the stairs, that harbinger of ill—
He looks for papers, books, or bills, that all were there before,
And sighs to find them on the desk or in the drawer no more.

And then he grimly thinks of her who set this fuss afloat,
And wishes she were out at sea in a very leaky boat;
He meets her at the parlor door, with hair and cap awry,
With sleeves tucked up and broom in hand, defiance in her eye;
He feels quite small, and knows full well there's nothing to be said,
So holds his tongue and drinks his tea, and sneaks away to bed.

"I MOURN for my bleeding country," said a certain army contractor to General Sheridan. "So you ought, you scoundrel," replied Sheridan, "for nobody has bled her more than you have."

A SINGULAR echo is said to reverberate around a great many petroleum wells. It says, "*Bit-you-men!*"

AGRICULTURAL.

Cosmo's Column.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BUILDING HOGS.

We *built* three hogs a few years ago, that when completed, very greatly astonished our gulf state neighbors for a considerable distance on every side of us.

Our nearest neighbor, Dr. S. S. Phillips, a first-class farmer for that latitude, had a litter of ten pigs, six weeks old, from a pure Chester county sow and an imported Berkshire boar, and the day that the pigs were six weeks old, the doctor said to us:

"I am going to select three of those pigs to make *hogs* of. Then I shall make you a present of the three next best—we will keep them until a year from next Christmas, and let us see who will make the most pork. They say you Yankees do beat all nature in making hogs."

So the selections were made; that was in September; the doctor putting his pigs into a close pen. And from that day till the day of their death, they were continually kept up, and feasted with everything
like.

Our three were put i
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about a quart each, thr
end of that time they w
to pass the winter. T
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day, and for three me
boiled potatoes and p
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that.

In April they were re
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On the first day of Oc
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ninety. Ours run, accor
at the time, and now w
point of our pen—429-

Those three hogs hu
to wonder at, as long
weather would permit.

WINTER STORAG

Never but in the last
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it is an uncertain practi
and expensive. If you
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bages are kept better
being tied by the heels
small poles over head.

Parsnips are better f
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table; though in hard
should be stored, cover
house, for a winter sup

The winter crook-ne
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The advantages of
house are manifold—th
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Where any considera
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g a hog is supposed to

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ctober we put up our pigs
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OF VEGETABLES.

necessity turn your field
o a cemetery. Roots and
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have any very consider-
bles to dispose of for the
ded, with waste of straw
either freezing or rotting,
more than sufficient to
e of constructing a root-
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long as you live.
which to construct such
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ill answer very well. Se-
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le apartments; potatoes,
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or being left in the ground
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leaning out house cellars,
of trying to keep vege-
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ng in the cellar.
able quantity of roots are
rn ought to have a dry,
ellar, in which the ma-
ing, and is always acces-

A STUDENT who was declaiming vigorously, and, as he doubtlessly believed, eloquently, on "The Language of Man," burst forth with, "The indispensable contributions of the inferior members of the animal kingdom to our noble language, and—" But here his tutor stopped him, and satirically requested an explanation of the "indispensable contributions" referred to. Whereupon the student, without being at all abashed, at once replied, "They may be found, sir, in such words as *dog*-matism, *cat*-echism, *chronology*, *pus*-illanimous, *duc*-tility, *hen*-pecked, *oxygen*, *cow*-slip, *pig*-ment, *asteroid*, and *rat*-ification."

"WHAT capital smacks those Gloucester fisherman have to go to sea in," exclaimed an appreciative gentleman, who had been "looking the thing over." "Yes," replied his companion, "but they're not to be compared to the *smacks* they get on their return home!"

RECEIPTS.

Original.

VERY FINE FOR FEATHERS.

Now is the time to begin to look after your last year's feathers. Never throw away a five-dollar or fifty-cent plume just because it happens to be *fussed* and dingy and dirty. If it is not frayed and ragged, and has its backbone broken, you can easily and cheaply bring it back to all its pristine beauty.

Dissolve, say, fifteen grains sulphite of soda, and two ounces of alum, in a quart of boiling hot water; give the plume a bath of five minutes or so in the solution; then swing it gently to and fro with its top end hanging down, and when it is nearly dry, hold it for three, four or five minutes, as it may require, in the fumes of burning sulphur, pretty close to the blaze, taking care not to scorch it.

One such preparation will renovate a dozen soiled and draggled plumes, if not too far gone.

VERY FINE RUSK.

One pint milk; boil it, and pour it on a teacupfull of flour. Take 10 oz. white sugar; stir this into the milk; weigh 4 oz. butter and 2 of lard; now add one teacup of yeast, (if the milk is not yet too hot,) and the butter and lard; make a soft dough. Do this at noon. In the evening it will be light. Knead it over, and set in a cool place till morning. Now roll the dough upon the pie-board, and cut it into small cakes. Let them stand till very light before baking. H. R.

TOMATO SOY.

One peck tomatoes, 1 cup salt, 2 tablespoonsful ground cloves, 2 do. cinnamon, 1 do. black pepper, 4 onions, and 2 ripe peppers chopped fine. Boil 4 hours, and after it is cooled add 1 quart vinegar. Put it up in wide-mouthed bottles, sealed.

PEACHES.

Quarter of a pound of sugar to one pound of fruit. Make a syrup, and when boiling, drop in the fruit. Let them boil up, then put them in hot jars, made so by boiling them in water. Seal while hot.

CROQUETTES.

Chop to a paste as much veal and ham as you have. Put a little onion, chopped *very* fine; add bread, or cracker crumbs, pepper, salt, nutmeg, parsley, sweet marjoram, and sweet basil. Make a little thickened milk, or water, with a few spoonfulls of flour; mix it into the paste of meat, &c.; then make it out into little shapes, (a jelly-glass is a good mould;) dip in the yolk of an egg, roll in the crumbs, and fry in lard.

MARBLE CAKE.

Half-pound flour, half-pound sugar, half-pound butter, the whites of eight eggs, one-eighth pound almonds, blanched and split, quarter-pound citron. Get a little cochineal from the confectioners, (as that from the druggists will impart a purplish hue to the cake.) Directions: Cream together the butter and flour; add the eggs, beaten, then the sugar; then beat all together until it is extremely light. Color one-third of the batter; put into a mould half of the remaining white batter, then a layer of citron and almonds; then put in the pink batter, and another layer of citron and almonds; finally, put in the rest of the white batter. Bake in a moderate oven.

Selected.

A VERY NICE PUDDING.—Soak over night six or seven broken soda crackers in one quart of milk. In the morning add 2 eggs, 1½ tablespoons of molasses, brown sugar, cinnamon, and nutmeg to the taste; when ready for the oven, put on the top bits of butter; this will greatly improve the crust. This may be greatly improved by adding fruit.

OAT CAKE.—Melt half an ounce of salt butter or lard in a pint of boiling water, and having put a pound of oatmeal into a basin, pour the water, quite boiling, upon it. Stir it as quickly as it is possible to do it, into a dough. Turn this out on a baking-plate and roll it out until it is as thin as it can be to hold together, then cut it out into the shape of small round cakes. Make these firm by placing them over the fire on a griddle for a very short time, and afterwards toast them on each side alternately before the fire until they become quite crisp.

WEBSTER CAKE.—1 cup of butter, 3 of sugar, 5 of flour, 2 eggs, 1 teaspoon of soda, spice to the taste—mix with sour milk to the right consistency.

COURT PLASTER.—Put 4 beeves' feet into a large quantity of water: let them boil until the meat will leave the bone: then take them out, skim the oil carefully off, put the liquor on again in a smaller vessel, and boil it till it is of a suitable consistence to spread on silk (say the thickness of molasses) with a brush.

FOR COLORING SEA WEED RED.—Dip the moss into a boiling solution of 1 oz. alum in 1 pint water. Dry it. Make a solution of ½ oz. cochineal, ½ oz. cream tartar, one tablespoonful spirits hartshorn to ½ tumbler water. Dip in the moss, wring, and dry in the shade.

COLD CREAM.—Take ½ oz. white wax, do. of spermaceti, and 3 oz. of almond oil. Put the whole into a basin, and place it in hot water till fused: then gradually add 3 oz. rose water, elder water, or orange flower water, stirring all the time with a fork or small whisk. When cold it is fit for use. A. M. M.

CRYSTALIZED GRASSES.—2 oz. alum dissolved in 1 pint water. Put in the grass when the alum water is cool enough to bear the hand; watch it, and take it out when the crystals are large as you wish: dry them on paper. If you wish colors, get a few powdered paints and sprinkle over, directly it comes from the water: heat alum over when it becomes cold.

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 17 letters.
My 1, 9, 15, 10, 12, is a county in Virginia.
My 12, 3, 5, 12, is a county in New York.
My 14, 9, 1, 5, 4, 12, is a bay.
My 1, 12, 16, 6, 5, 10, 7, 17, 9, 6, is a town in Vermont.
My 3, 15, 14, 12, is a city in Europe.
My 2, 16, 5, 9, 6, is a county in Illinois.
My 14, 8, 11, 12, 13, 6, 9, 6, is a town in Ohio.
My whole is a pleasant city in one of the Eastern States. UNION.

Huntington, Vt.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 15 letters.
My 1, 14, 15, 5, is a kiln to dry hops.
My 9, 6, 2, 11, is an instrument of music.
My 4, 3, 12, 13, is a measure of distance.
My 3, 7, 2, 5, 6, is one of the cardinal points.
My 8, 14, 15, 5, is a disease in grain.
My 9, 7, 10, is a small sailing vessel.
My whole is an animal with horny beak like a duck's, paws webbed like the feet of a bird, and having a spur in the hinder feet emitting poison. JOSEPH S. ROSS, Jr.

Cincinnati, O.

Charade.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is a flower admired by all,
Is used in adorning both bower and hall.
My second is a saint in the realms above,
Where all is bliss, where all is love.
My whole is a shrub of delicate scent,
Guess me, young reader—I'll give you a cent!

Venango Co., Pa. M. W.

Riddle.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

One hundred write on paper white,
And follow with a circle true;
Five hundred then, in order pen,
A little word you now will view.
A fish 'twill be, found in the sea,
And often used as food by man.
A cape also, as you will know,
If fair New England's map you'll scan.

Pea Ridge Farm, Ohio. EVA.

Mathematical Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

There is a tract of land lying in the shape of a trapezium, which measures from the first to the second corner 800 perches; from the second to the third corner, 320 perches; from the third to the fourth corner, 400 perches; and from the fourth to the first corner, 450 perches. Somewhere within the corner of this tract there is a large oak tree, from which, if lines be drawn to the four corners of the tract, it will be divided by them into four equal parts. Required, the distance of the tree from each corner of the tract, and the area of the whole tract.

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A servant draws off a gallon on each day, for 20 days, from a cask containing 10 gallons of wine, each time supplying the deficiency by the addition of a gallon of water; and then, to escape detection, he again draws of 20 gallons, supplying the deficiency each time by a gallon of wine. How much water still remains in the cask? And give a general formula which will solve all such questions.

Stonington, Ct. DAVID S. HART.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ When may a man be said to swallow cause and effect? Ans.—When he drinks gin and bitters.

☞ What is a man like in the midst of a desert without meat or drink? Ans.—Like to be starved.

☞ Why is the toothache like an unanswerable argument? Ans.—Because it makes people hold their jaw.

☞ When is silence likely to get wet? Ans.—When it reigns.

☞ Who is a soldier who has not risen from the ranks for three years, like an illicit manufactory of spirits? Ans.—Because he's a private still.

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA—Shakspeare. ENIGMA—The Star Spangled Banner. RIDDLE—Respectfully declined. ANAGRAMS—Charles Dickens, Oliver Goldsmith, Samuel Lover, George Bancroft, Noah Webster, James Oglethorpe, William Hogarth, James Montgomery, Robert Fulton, Thomas Moore, Gilbert Stuart, Sophocles, William Shenstone, Ulysses S. Grant.

Answer to J. M. Greenwood's PROBLEM, July 22d:—74 rods, 10 feet, 8 inches.—M. Stevens and the author.

To Gill Bates's, same date:—1.08153 feet.—G. B.

Eva's, same date, is impossible of solution.—J. M. Greenwood. Author's answer is:—A should have 37½ A.; B should have 62½ A.

S. Horace G.'s answer to his Problem, July 29th:—19 sq. feet, 24 sq. inches.

To Morgan Stevens's, same date:—1.22 of the globe can be seen by the squirrel, and the distance from point to point is 2,1485 feet.—J. M. Greenwood. The squirrel will see an area of 14.28 square feet, &c.—the same as above.—M. S.

To M. Van Buren's, same date:—36,788 gal.—M. Stevens. 31.58 gal.—M. V. B.

Answer to Question proposed July 8th, by J. M. G., requesting the definition of the word "Hulotheism:"—It is composed of the Greek word, wood matter, and God. It is the doctrine or belief that matter is God, or that there is no God except matter and the universe.

MORGAN STEVENS.

Round Grove, Scott Co., Iowa.